TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Last Sunday night the Rev. Dr. McTavish preached a sermon to young men in the Central Presbyterian church, taking for his text the 12th chapter of Hebrews, 16th and 17th verses, and making the character of Esau his principal theme. Esau, he said, was like thousands of young men in Toronto, a regular typical man of the world, free, generous, good-hearted, but profane and loose in his morals and wound up by selling his birthright for a morsel of pottage. He was afraid that hundreds of young men in Toronto, like Esau, had apparently no higher ambition than to be considered "sports." Mr. McTavish said he "admired legitimate sport such as cricket, baseball, and so on, but God help those poor driveling young men who travel Canada and the United States pounding a baseball for a living. They were prostituting their privileges and, like Esau, selling their birthright."

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It may be questioned if the history of Jacob and Esau, as given in the 25th, 26th and 27th chapters of Genesis, is the best model for young men, yet, taken in the abstract, the majority of those reading it would sympathize with Esau rather than Jacob. Jacob took advantage of Esau's hunger and induced him to sell his birthright, which Esau no doubt regarded too lightly, but he was a big, hairy, manly fellow and his father, Isaac, loved him, while Rebecca was devoted to Jacob. I could never reconcile the deceit practised on Isaac when Jacob disguised himself as Esau in order to get his father's blessing and be proclaimed his heir. No doubt it all had a place in the divine plan, but I can recollect when, as a boy, I first read it that I would rather have been Esau and stay without the blessing than get it as Jacob did. This is not said for the purpose of criticising, because it must be recognized that these things had a special significance and were typical of things to come, but still it is not the place to look for the best lesson for young men. The young man who is born with his hand on his brother's heel, and is continually cornering bread stuffs on that brother in order to extort privileges or wealth from him, or who deceives his father in order to complete the transaction, is not the most beautiful type of manhood. There are too many of them within the sacred circle of the church who seem to think, like Jacob, they have a special place in their Maker's plan, and that so long as they do a certain amount of religious work, their ways of obtaining wealth and position, should be beyond criticism.

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At the London Conference of the Methodist body the Rev. Thomas Cullen of Sarnia in addressing the young men who were being called to the ministry said, "Be men first and members afterwards." This reaches the question in a few words, "Be men first." It seems to me a common mistake in the ministry that sturdy manliness is not more taught. A man cannot be a good preacher unless he is a good man, he cannot impress men unless he is a manly man. The most attractive thing in him is his humanity, the more essentially human he is the nearer he gets to his hearers and the greater gifts of God's grace seem to be given to him. The spirit of the manly man, and the spirit of the womanly woman, seem to be the favorite channels through which the spirit of Christ is conveyed. The apostles were bold and aggressive men—afraid of nothing and nobody; and in this they differed very widely from some of those who claim to be their successors.

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A man is a poor creature whose ambition rises no higher than an anxiety to be known as a "sport." A great many "sports" are generous and jolly fellows, but unfortunately the majority of them are as crooked as a corkscrew, loud in voice and manner, and in their words and actions taking delight in proving themselves to be the exact type which young men should refuse to imitate. Yet, after all, a man sells his manly birthright to least advantage when he barters it for a little money and the reputation of a sneak. This should always be remembered, and it should be preached more than it is for it is the first lesson a boy ought to learn and the last one a man should forget. In this connection it is worth while quoting that section of the Rev. Mr. Cullen's remarks which are reported, they bear so directly on this subject and are applicable to all young men as well as to young ministers.

> Be men first and members afterwards; read, and keep fresh, and sweet, and young. Discriminate; be all round Methodist ministers; prepare your sermons thoroughly; be yourselves and nobody else. *Don't pull wires for places.* Always fill your place and do a little more. Don't complain or murmur, keep your hearts and control your tongues. Be generous to your brethren in the ministry, and do not envy them, but help them when you can. Keep the judgment in view and live and work for it.

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At the Niagara Conference of the Methodist church the committee on Sunday observance in their report after congratulating themselves on the progress of their work, decided that on the first Sunday in October they would preach sermons having in view the proper observance of the Sabbath. It was resolved that these sermons embrace

> Wise counsel and judicious deprecation of the following specific forms of Sunday desecration, viz., the sale of intoxicants, secular conversation, Sunday visiting, Sunday funerals, fixed gate-fees on Sunday at parks and summer resorts, Sunday excursion trains, street-car and canal traffic, hiring of liveries, and the publication, sale, and reading of secular newspapers.

All these things are no doubt good in their way, but I take exception to any crusade against Sunday visiting. It must not be forgotten that in this work-a-day world there is a very large class of people who are unable to meet their friends and relatives socially except on Sunday. Take it, for instance, in the rural districts where the slavery of farm work begins at daylight and does not end until darkness makes further tasks impossible! The workers are too weary to visit one another after their toil is over, the horses are too tired to be used, and it is bedtime as soon as the chores are done. This lack of companionship and leisure through the week is largely responsible for the narrowness which unfortunately characterizes the lives and thoughts of the overworked farmer, his wife and daughters and sons. On Sunday mornings, however, there is a general brushing up of "best clothes" and the family goes to church where they are almost too tired to listen with any great profit to the none too eloquent sermons preached by underpaid ministers who are as hard-worked on their scattered circuit as the farmers themselves. After the services the neighbors stand around the meeting-house door, the men inquiring after each other's stock and crops, the women taking observations of and remarking on dresses and neighbors, sympathising with one another's burdens, talking about their babies and winding up with the invitation, "Come over and have dinner with us," or, "You're comin' our way, you might as well stop in." These little Sunday afternoon and Sunday evening visits are among the rare breaks in the monotony of their life, and it would not only be a cruel but a senseless crusade which would be aimed at depriving Christian people of such pleasures—pleasures, too, in which I can see no earthly harm, but a great deal of good.

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In cities it is very much the same. Though the workingmen have succeeded in reducing their hours of labor considerably, they still have to begin early and work late. On Sunday afternoons the workingman and his young wife feel like going over to see her mother, though it is barely possible that she may feel a little more like it than he does, or they may want to go over and see his people. Who shall deny the right of the over-tasked wife who is feeling the first burdens of maternity to pour her woes in her mother's sympathizing ear, to seek advice and have kind old hands brush away the tears—tears which are so apt to be shed over the flowers which dull care is clipping from the once blossom-covered stem of life. It would be utter folly to forbid such visiting because the ban would not be heeded and I am certainly of the opinion that it should not be. If they wish to inveigh against these things, it would be right enough to lecture their fashionable hearers against Sunday dinner parties, teas and At Homes. These are the outgrowth of a society which has but little to do during the week, and can well afford to spare Sunday as a day of strictly religious rest. I favor Sunday street cars at certain hours in order that families may mingle together more than they do, for one of the ills the community suffers from is too little intercourse, not too much. If John and Mary live in Parkdale and want to take their baby over to see its grandma, east of the Don, I believe they ought to have a chance without trudging the weary way on foot. And there is no use trying to make Sunday too stiff. We have been taught that Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; and if it was made for man, he should have an opportunity of cultivating the social side of life, and the pulpit will do well to simply use its influence to properly direct his aspirations in this matter.

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> Sweet is the sunlight after rain,
> And sweet the sleep which follows pain,
> And sweetly steals the Sabbath rest,
> Upon the world's work-wearied breast.

All rest is not physical. The man who toils on week-days in muscular fashion needs physical rest and mental exercise on Sundays; he who works with his brain through the week needs mental rest and physical exercise on the Sabbath. As cleanliness is next to Godliness, so fresh air and fresh thoughts are necessary to men who are striving to be godly. And men who work hard all the week are apt to be better judges of the kind of rest they need than are the good brethren of the Niagara Conference.

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The other day on the train I sat near two ladies who had an infant in charge. One of them was evidently its mother, the other doubtless its aunt, on its father's side. The two-year-old and its aunt had eyes as blue, cold and expressionless as a glass alley and the mouths with their long straight lips were as alike as two coarse evil tempered mouths could be. The youngster slapped its long suffering mother, who had evidently been a village belle and had been retired as nurse of a refractory infant. Said infant ever and anon emitted piercing shrieks, intended to show its disapproval of railways and all modern improvements, the mother endeavored to direct its attention to the "chookies" in the dooryards, the "colties" in the fields and other specimens of the animal kingdom which are supposed to be attractive to children. The ill-tempered youngster would pause in its howls for a moment, and then when urgent necessity called for attention to its infantile nose, began again to make Rome howl. It shrieked and slapped and kicked and squirmed for fifty miles, and during the time taken to pass over forty-nine parts of this distance it was engaged in trying to fall out of the window, slip down on the floor, tumble over the back of the seat, or beat the face off its mother who never for a moment lost her patience or showed the least inclination to give little Miss Screecher the spanking she richly deserved. The child had been spoiled, but it was born ugly, and I tell this story, not to point a moral on the bringing up of children, but to describe two different varieties of women. The aunt, who was young and attractively fixed up, probably in view of expected conquests on the trip, became absolutely furious, though her voice and hands were restrained from violence by the presence of the other passengers. She whispered to her sister-in-law, who laughed in reply, but I am sure the advice was in the nature of a trip to the back-platform and a spanking spree, with Miss Baby as the victim. Then aunty tried to attract the child's attention, but her cruel smile, the unwinking eyes and wish-I-could-kill-the-brat look, made the young wolf scream louder than ever. I am positive if the sister-in law could have had that child in a secluded room for ten minutes it would not have had a piece of whole skin on its body as big as your thumb nail.

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I thought what a step-mother that aunt would make! Yes indeed, what a mother she'd be! She'd be capable of murder in the first degree, she had it in her face; yet nine young men out of ten would think her an awfully stylish and "taking" girl. She'll marry inside of two years and there will be the very dickens to pay, though the good Lord has hung danger signals all over her face sufficient to warn away from her any young man who doesn't want to be fed on "cold pizen" or have his youngsters beaten black and blue before breakfast. Young man, never marry a woman who shows an anxiety to clutch the throat of a squalling infant! If a woman has the mother's instinct she will endure babies which to men would simply mean flight or sudden death; if she lacks that tender, clinging, nursing tendency, she is without the best part of a woman—she isn't a woman, she is a she man, and as dangerous as a dray load of dynamite. If you want to test your angelic sweetheart, get her alone some time with a baby in the room; look at the baby and make it cry; if she can "cuddle it doun" she is all right in that respect; if she "yanks" it out of the door "yank" yourself out of the house and you'll make a lucky escape.

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The anti Jesuit Convention, considering the heterogeneous elements which were gotten together for the first time and the fact that it is difficult to organize any movement no matter how deep the feeling which prompts it, must be considered a great success. I heard it remarked by one who visited the Grand Opera House and watched some of the proceedings, that the convention was made up of Orangemen and preachers, but while those elements may have predominated yet there was a considerable representation of the large class of independents who it seems to me have espoused this cause not from any direct sympathy with the Protestant phase of it but because they are anxious to see some movement inaugurated which will afford an opportunity for men who do their own thinking. The clerical character of so large a section of the prominent workers has depressed the politicians and practical men who are associated with them. It is doubted by many whether a movement which depends upon the clergy for its success will ever bring about a properly organized party capable of anything but a short and sentimental campaign. But behind the clergymen in this matter is an army of stalwart Orangemen and more effective still, a public opinion which has been thoroughly aroused concerning the final and complete separation of church and state.

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The Convention may not have embodied in its resolutions the actual intentions of many of those who may support the movement during our campaign. The country is ripe for a revolt against the old parties and this will be a very important element until it is demonstrated that the Equal Rights party has no sand in it. The greenback movement in the United States not many years ago attained signal success in several states but it amounted to nothing except in those districts where the old partisans were discontented. In Michigan, where there had been a great "kick" in both the old parties, it took strong hold and succeeded in electing its ticket. The new party will find a great many soreheads, independents, radicals, etc., who are willing to cast in their lot with any attempt to reorganize our condition and constitution, but to make this most effective the Equal Rights party must be careful that fanaticism and intemperate language be as carefully kept in the background when the elections come about as they have been in the Convention.

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I cannot see why the Convention should have specified clerical aggression by the particular name of Popery and Jesuitism, for it is rampant in other denominations and is only kept in check by the liberality of Protestant religionists. The name of the new party is all right, but I am afraid that while some of the clerical gentlemen who helped form the platform have an idea that the campaign is against Jesuitism only, they will find out that public opinion is simply organizing itself to prevent clerical aggression of all kinds, and if I may be permitted to prophesy I predict that the reaction which will follow this movement will be most distinctly felt by the Protestant clerical party.

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Those who imagine that Mr. Mowat will not feel the effects of the new crusade will find themselves very much mistaken. The agitation is largely in Ontario, the disturbance of public opinion is taking place here, this is the storm center, the cloud bursts and whirlwinds, if there are any, will take place where they will injure Premier Mowat more than Sir John. There is no doubt that Mr. Mowat has gone too far in his attempt to consolidate the Roman Catholic vote in this Province. He has been the coadjutor of the hierarchy and when a fight gets well under way people are apt to pitch into everybody who is not of their way of thinking. The Catholic Church as a rule supported Sir John in Dominion affairs and were almost a solid phalanx for Mowat in provincial matters, and their present attitude will be but slightly changed, while a large number of Protestants will feel it their duty to make a kick. In Ontario the new Franchise Act will give the ballot to a large number of Roman Catholics who were not previously qualified, and they will no doubt support Mowat, but they are not sufficiently numerous to counteract the movement within the large class of Protestants, both old and young, who have been thoroughly stirred up by this agitation.

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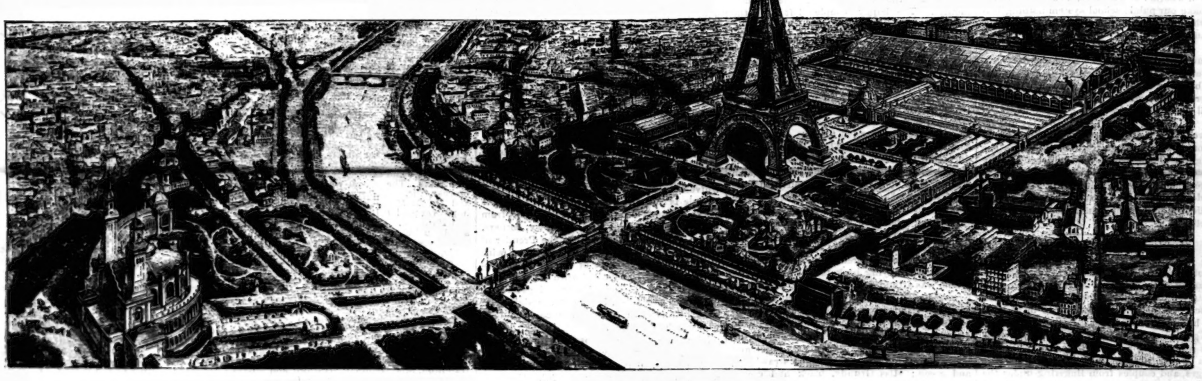
When this trouble first began I predicted that the Roman Catholic Church would find the four hundred thousand dollars granted by Mercier to the Jesuits a tenfold greater evil than benefit; that it would result in a campaign against Separate Schools, the embittering of Protestant prejudice and the greater isolation of Catholics in the community. The speeches in the Convention—there were some splendid specimens of oratory there, in fact the delegates all seemed able to express themselves vigorously and well—have been in the direction of raising the old cry, "No Popery," and that even the small boy is infected, is proven by an incident related to me by a Catholic priest the other day. The priest in question is one of the most liberal and popular men in the community, but while paying a visit on one of our principal streets the other day, a boy passed him and immediately began to sing: "Teeter-totter, holy water," etc., in the most insulting manner. The priest quietly followed the boy to his home, rang the bell and the lad's father came to the door. The priest complained that he had been insulted and the father told him to get off the premises or he would kick him off. This frightful example of bigotry is no doubt but one of many, and it would take but a few of them to make me sick of the whole affair. The way the newspapers picked up the Reilly case when a member of the Separate School Board stated that he was not a British subject and didn't care who knew it, shows the readiness with which we are all picking quarrels just now. I had the whole matter explained to me and the connection in which the objectionable remark was made, and find that it was not intended as a declaration of hostility to British institutions, but in reply to a threat made by the clerical party in the Separate School Board to have Mr. Reilly unseated for that reason, and he was simply telling them he had not concealed the fact, that they



VIEW OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

could begin operations as soon as they liked as two of their own faction were also lacking in citizenship. This does not alter the fact that men holding licenses in Canada should be citizens, nor does it make it the less noticeable when men who are not British subjects occupy positions on the school board. However, I am glad that the question has been agitated, as I understand it will result in Mr. Reilly becoming a British subject and the selection in future of British citizens as license holders and school trustees.

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I have received a letter from the Rev. Principal Grant explaining his attitude with regard to Separate Schools and the teaching of the Bible in Public Schools. He does not wish to be understood as favoring the secularization of the schools as he believes that that would not conciliate the Roman Catholics nor materially aid in decreasing Separate Schools. In Victoria he says where schools have been secularized Catholics oppose them much more bitterly than they do in this province or even in our maritime provinces where the Bible is more taught than it is here. He believes that the present system, however, of reading a few verses from the Bible without any comment as to its value as the choicest of our literature and the most reliable of histories, is such utter formalism that it would be better to abolish it altogether unless it is more fully taught; the latter alternative of course is the one he urges.

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The discussion of all these things, and the daily papers are filled with nothing else, shows that when Sir John told the old story about "the terrible disturbance over a little bit of pork," he did not appreciate the fact that the little bit of pork in the shape of a donation to the Jesuits is likely to make it very uncomfortable for everybody concerned. The past week has been notable on account of the large number of religious and semi-religious conventions which have been held in Toronto, the Methodist Conference, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the anti-Jesuit Convention, etc., and it is remarkable how strongly a Protestant tone they have all assumed, and thus the row over the "pork" goes merrily on.

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Our Public School Board should certainly avoid inquisition as to whether the scholars who go there are Protestants or Catholics. In the formula they send out for a parent's signature, a declaration that he is a supporter of the public schools is all that should be necessary. To ask whether or not he is a Protestant seems to make our public school system nothing better than the Catholics have made their separate arrangement.

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Now, for kind heaven's sake, let us have something except Jesuitism for discussion. It has been the topic of the week and cannot be ignored, but certainly we've had enough of it until the dog days are over.

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Even Jesuitism, however, is better than to be forced to record such awful things as the slaughter of the babies in the Irish railway accident of Wednesday. It is hard enough to contemplate the wholesale killing of adults in accidents of this kind, but to see children out picnicking slain amidst their glee is supremely horrible. DON.

Society.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather last Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Beverley Robinson's invitation to Sleepy Hollow from four to seven o'clock, was heartily responded to by at least two hundred fashionables. It was intended to be a garden party, but the damp soil and mist that was falling prevented the happy throng from wending their way across the rustic bridges, and couples from lingering under the shady trees that this charming residence a noted for. So the house inside presented a gay and lively appearance. Adjoining the verandah on the south side a table was set, laden with ices, strawberries and cream, claret cup, etc., for which there was a constant demand. Mrs. Robinson welcomed her guests, in the first drawing room, with that familiar smile and hearty handshake which were her wont when doing the honors at Government House a couple of years back, making everyone feel perfectly at home. Miss Robinson, dressed in a white costume with gold embroidery, moved about the house with a happy expression and a pleasant word for everyone. Amongst the many present were noticed Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Miss Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Mrs. James Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Judge Gwynne, Mr. and Miss Gwynne, Rev. H. G. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mr. and Miss Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Merritt, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, the Misses Merritt, Miss Manning, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Misses Shanly, Miss Vicars, the Messrs. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Gamble, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mrs. King Dodds, Miss M. King Dodds, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, Misses Bethune, Captain and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. Fox, the Misses Boulton, the Misses McCutcheon, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Mallock, Mr. Jones, Miss Small, Mrs. and Miss Armstrong, Mrs. C. Riordan, Prof. Boys, Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross, Mrs. and the Misses Morris, Mrs. Nordheimer, Col., Mrs. and Miss Otter, Miss Denison, Miss Cosens, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Lefroy, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Hume Blake, Mrs. Cunningham, Miss Cumberland, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Grassett, the Misses McLean, Mrs. and Mr. Gordon McKenzie, Miss Campbell, Miss Birchall, the Misses Green, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. W. and Miss Spratt, the Misses Rutherford, Mrs. George Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Mel Boulton, Miss Thorburn, Mr. K. and Miss Moffatt, Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Cayley, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mrs. and Miss MacDonald, Mr. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, the Misses Meredith, Mr. Hay, Mrs. and Miss Brough, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Osler, the Misses Osler, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Miss Greig, Mrs. and Miss Baldwin, Mrs. J. W. Beaty, Mrs. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt, Rev. J. P. Lewis, Mrs. and the Misses Wragge.

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Miss Maude Rutherford went to Montreal last week for a lengthy visit to Mrs. May and her sister, Mrs. Pipon.

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Mrs. Charles Riordan left town in the early part of this week, with her family, for St. Catharines where they will spend the summer.

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Mrs. McLean Howard of Carlton street gave an At Home last Saturday afternoon.

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Miss Amy Rutherford has returned to town from Kingston, Ont., where she has been staying for a couple of months.

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Mr. and Mrs. Philip Todd have taken up their abode in Rosedale for the summer months.

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Mr. A. C. Galt returned to town from England on Tuesday after an absence of three or four months.

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Miss Maude Vankoughnet arrived home on Monday with her cousin, Miss Eva Vankoughnet, both looking remarkably well after their six months' tour in Europe.

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Mrs. George Torrance is back in town from a short stay in Montreal.

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One of the prettiest weddings of the year took place on June 5, at the Church of the Redeemer, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Septimus Jones, assisted by Rev. Alec. Williams. The contracting parties were Colin R. W. Postlethwaite and Miss Amy L., daughter of W. F. Green of Czar street. Notwithstanding the showery state of the weather, the church was filled with onlookers, composed principally of the fair sex. Shortly after half past eleven, the bride, handsomely attired in cream faille, trimmed with moire, bridal veil and orange blossoms, entered the church, leaning on the arm of her brother and followed by her three bridesmaids, Miss Ida Green, Miss A. Henderson, and Miss Florie Blackwood, who looked charming in cream cashmere directoire gowns and cream crape hats and wearing dainty pearl brooches, the gift of the groom. They were met at the altar by the groom and groomsmen, Messrs. Tempest of Buffalo, H. Green, and J. J. Maclennan. After the ceremony a *recherche* repast was served at the residence of the bride's mother. The happy couple left on the two o'clock boat for Montreal and the Lower Provinces. In the evening a reception of young people was held at the family residence on Czar street, where the numerous and costly presents were on view.

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One of the prettiest of June weddings took place at All Saints' Church on Wednesday morning last, when Mr. Frederick Grundy of Rose avenue was married to Miss Annie Howson of Wellesley street. The service was conducted by the Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin. The bride was attired in a traveling dress of fawn colored cloth embroidered with silver daisies and hat to match, with pearl ornaments. She was attended by Miss Carrie Grundy, sister of the groom, who wore a directoire costume of cream silk, and also by the bride's little cousins, the Misses Ethel and Florie Banks, dressed in pretty white embroidered dresses with hats to match, and carrying baskets of flowers. The groom was attended by his brother, Dr. George Grundy and Masters Beecroft and George Lawn, the little fellows being becomingly dressed in black velvet suits. Some of the costumes were very handsome. Mrs. Howson, mother of the bride, in black silk, ornaments jets, and bonnet of combination of crushed strawberry and green; Miss Grundy, black and cream satin; Mrs. Lacon, pearl gray satin directoire costume, with white watered silk petticoat, ornaments diamonds; Mrs. W. H. Banks, black silk velvet and cream silk. The beautiful display of roses was especially noticeable. Miss Hall, an old friend of the bride, played the bridal music from Lohengrin on the piano, and on the bridal party, and at the close of the service Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The happy couple returned to the residence of the bride's mother, Wellesley street, and left by the Montreal boat for a trip east.

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On Wednesday evening a quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr. Joseph McCausland on Jarvis street, when his eldest daughter, Hester, was united in marriage to Mr. Alex. Pirie, editor of the Montreal *Star*. Rev. W. J. Hunter of Carlton Street Methodist Church performed the ceremony. There was present only a small party of relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom. The bride was attired in a costume of vieux rose faille *en train*, with petticoat front of brocade, diamond ornaments, and carried a bouquet of pink blush roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Fairbrother, who wore heliotrope sateen, and Miss Addie Pirie in Nile green sateen, both carrying bouquets of Marechal Niel roses. Messrs. James Pirie and Frank McCausland officiated as groomsmen. Mr. Pirie and his bride will take a trip to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. SATURDAY NIGHT begs to offer its warmest congratulations.

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Miss Ayer, daughter of Mr. A. A. Ayer of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. A. M. Taylor, Lansdowne avenue, Parkdale.

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Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's lecture on Growth and Development of Vocal Music on Monday evening, illustrated by appropriate vocal selections was a treat to those interested in musical study.

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On Tuesday evening, Thistledown, the Island residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Preston, was the scene of a delightful children's party, given in honor of the twelfth birthday of Miss Leslie Preston. Refreshments and games occupied the delighted attention of the youthful guests during the evening. Some of those were Misses Cottle and Ethel Adams, Master Herbert and Regie Adams, Miss Mamie Arnold, Mr. Tom Arnold, Miss Florence and Master Jack Stewart, Miss Gracie Murray, Miss Ethel Porter, Miss Mabel Cooper, Master Fred and Bessie Cooper, Miss Stella Stanley, Master Blackhall, Miss Ethel Norrie, Messrs. Willoughby and Claude Norrie, Master Siddle and Douglas Newton, Masters Disney and Dot Preston.

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Mr. S. H. Janes and family have left Italy, where they have been for several months, and will go almost directly to London where they will spend a portion of the season. From there they will go to some watering place in the south of England for the summer.

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On Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother, 35 Balmuto street, Mr. Allen Reid, chief clerk in the district general freight office of the Grand Trunk, was married to Miss Winnie Hope. Rev. John Pearson of Holy Trinity Church, performed the ceremony. Mr. J. E. Hawkins of Montreal acted as groomsman, while the bride was supported by her sister, Miss Hope. Among the numerous and valuable presents was one of a purse of $100, accompanied by a beautifully illuminated address from the Board of Trade. Mr. and Mrs. Reid will spend their honeymoon in the New England States.

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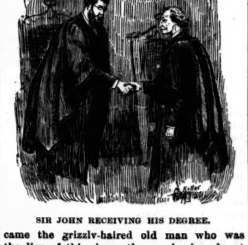
On Wednesday evening a large crowd assembled in the Queen street Methodist church to witness the marriage of Mr. George A. Bingham and Miss Emma E. Phillips, daughter of J. W. Philips of Spadina avenue. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. W. Jeffery. The groom was supported by Mr. Fred Mauthie and Master Bertie Bingham, while the bridesmaids were Miss Fannie Fraser and Miss Jennie Patterson.

Famous Doctors of Law.

Last week I went up to University College to see some of the first men in Canada receive from that institution the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; and also to see the graduates of the year receive the prizes which have been the *ultima thule* of their ambition during the past four years.

To my mind University College is the most impressive building in Toronto. Its surroundings are as romantic as one expects to find in a young and prosaic city of the new world. Its square Norman tower, surmounting the gray pile, its massive stone doorways and the stone floors in the echoing corriders invest the building with an air of mediævalism, if not of antiquity. It only needs the sight of a reverend and grave professor in his gown, stalking meditatively through the halls—the hilarious student being absent—to carry the mind away to other lands and back to the days when cloistered piles of grey stone were the only abiding places of learning, and black-gowned monks with patient pen laboriously duplicated Latin books on scrolls of parchment. When one leaves the commercial atmosphere of the town behind and enters the University he feels that he is in another world. The air is the silent air of study. The spirits of the "mighty dead" are not far distant from those hushed nooks and shadowy corners. When, therefore, I heard that the Premier of Canada and other eminent statesmen, with leading representatives of the learned professions would be invested with degrees after the forms handed down from the days of ceremony and pageantry, I thought the sight, perhaps historical in its significance—would be well worth the seeing.

I found I had not a monopoly of this thought. When I arrived, Convocation hall was filled with a brilliant assembly and was melodious with sound—more or less tuneful. The boys were singing: Old Grimes is Dead, that Good Old Soul. Down the broad stone steps came the procession of distinguished men, walking in pairs and beaded by the beadle and his mace. Conspicuous among the Senate and Faculty was the venerable president, Sir Daniel Wilson, or, as he has been long and familiarly designated by the boys, "Dr. Dan." It was not he, however, who was "the cynosure of all eyes." Walking beside our local representative of royalty, and looking gracefully free and easy in a mortarboard cap,



SIR JOHN RECEIVING HIS DEGREE.

came the grizzly-haired old man who was the lion of this show—the much abused, yet dearly loved Sir John. Serenely easy, he swung along with all the unconsciousness of one who has been under the "fierce light" for nearly half a century. When he and his colleagues entered the hall, the air was rent with acclaim, and soon the familiar sounds of He's a Jolly Good Fellow came floating to the ears of us unfortunates in the corridors without. Introduced by Sir Daniel Wilson, Sir John received his degree from Vice-Chancellor William Mulock, who presided in the absence of the Chancellor, Hon. Edward Blake. Many thought they would have the fun of seeing Sir John kneel to his old opponent, the Chancellor, but in the conferring of the honorary degrees the kneeling was dispensed with. The Premier made one of his short, humorous speeches in his own graceful and taking style and then resumed his seat, yet watching with seemingly keen interest all that went on about him. One cannot gaze on his massive and irregular features without marking him as a man of genius. Though never too serious to joke he has long sustained the nation's fullest confidence. His laughs and the most powerful opponent's arguments fall shattered to the ground. There is but one Sir John Macdonald. Even his foes do not hesitate to admit that, though they sometimes add the fervent ejaculation, "Thank heaven that there are no more!"

The next man honored was the Premier of Ontario, Hon. O. Mowat. In sharp contrast with the easy nonchalance of Sir John was the nervous action and speech of Mr. Mowat. Being antagonists in many a hard-fought contest their attitudes—one to the other—were closely watched. It was apparent that the utmost cordiality exists between them, and our Oliver was very happy in his allusions to the light-heartedness of the man five years older than himself, whose activity and cheerfulness spurred him on when he felt himself growing older and lagging on the way.

"As handsome as Apollo," was the verdict given when W. R. Meredith appeared to receive his honors and make his speech. Though he said but little, his words were well chosen and made, as the leader of the Opposition's words usually do, a very favorable impression on the audience. The other gentlemen who received the honorary title of LL.D. were Chancellor Boyd, Dr. W. T. Aikens, Mr. John Hoskin, Q.C., and Rev. John Campbell, M.A. All made speeches on receiving their degrees, and between these speeches the college boys "struck their lyres" with good effect, Dr. Aikens, as the representative of the medical profession, being greeted with Saw My Leg off—Short! After all the degrees had been conferred the Vice Chancellor delivered an address combatting Principal Grant's declared views on the matriculation standard of Toronto University.

The graduating class was a large one and the ceremonies connected with conferring its degrees, and the medals and scholarships awarded to other proved and happy students were made short work of. A number of the newly-fledged Bachelors of Arts are in no danger of ever being bachelors, for obvious reasons. Nor is it likely they will be their female counterparts, for a girl smart enough to get a university degree can be depended on to capture a prize specimen of the *genus homo*, not to speak of bachelors. VAN.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

June is supposed to be the correct month for weddings, and evidently the popular superstition finds favor in Brantford, for the first week has been a week of weddings. On Monday, June 3, the residence of Mr. J. W. Bowlby was the scene of a very happy event, when Mr. Bowlby's second daughter, Miss Jennett, was married to Capt. R. R. Harris, in the presence of a few immediate friends. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. L. Strong. The drawing-rooms were tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers, and the bride looked charming in a navy blue silk fitting traveling suit of gray cloth with hat of the same color, and carried a bouquet of Marechal Neil roses. She was attended by her sisters, Miss Bowlby and Miss Gussy Bowlby, who wore white embroidered dresses and carried bouquets of Marechal Neil roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. R. Harry Harris of New York, and Dr. McMichael of Buffalo, N. Y. The happy couple left for a short trip to Montreal and Portland. The presents were exceptionally beautiful.

On Tuesday morning there was a very pretty but quiet wedding at the residence of Mr. W. McK. Wilson on Chestnut avenue, when Mr. Sydney B. Sykes of Toronto, was married to Miss Nellie Nelles, youngest daughter of the late A. H. Nelles and sister of Mrs. Wilson. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. C. Mackenzie, rector of Grace Church, only a few immediate friends being present. The bride was attired in a handsome traveling costume of brown tweed, with brown hat and plumes, and was supported by Miss Grace Sykes of Toronto, sister of the groom, Miss McCallum of Hamilton, Miss Griffin of Stratford and Misses May and Gertrude Wilson; Mr. O. H. Hughes of the Imperial Bank, Toronto, supported the groom. The drawing-rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers and the ceremony was performed beneath a huge bell of snowballs and daises, and above the mantel was hung a large horseshoe of snowballs and pansies. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Sykes left on the morning train for Montreal and Quebec, and carry with them the good wishes of a wide circle of friends. In the evening Mrs. Wilson gave a delightful dancing party at which "everyone" was present.

On Wednesday morning Miss Jennie Barr, third daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Barr, was married to Mr. Robert Reesor of Markham. The wedding, which was a very quiet one, took place at the residence of the bride's mother, on Chestnut street, Rev. Dr. Cochrane officiating. The bride wore a dress of fawn color, with hat to match, and looked charming. She was attended by Miss Lizzie Gibson; Mr. B. A. Clark of Davenport supported the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Reesor left on the morning train for Buffalo, New York and other points; and many good wishes go with them for their future prosperity and happiness.

On Wednesday afternoon Grace Church was filled with the elite of Brantford to witness the marriage of Miss Edith Leonard, third daughter of Mr. F. H. Leonard, to Mr. Frank Bishop. The bride was more than beautiful in a magnificent gown of satin de Lyons and velvet brocade cut *en train*, and carried a large bouquet of white roses, her veil being fastened with the same flowers. The bridesmaids were Miss May Bishop, sister of the groom, and Misses Dora and Gertrude Leonard, sisters of the bride. All looked lovely in white embroidered dresses and wide white hats and carried bouquets of marguerites and white carnations. Mr. H. Whitehead acted as best man and Messrs. Nelles and Muirhead and Dr. Minchin as ushers. The church was appropriately decorated with plants and flowers. The Rev. Rural Dean Mackenzie officiated, Prof. Garrett presided at the organ and the surpliced choir rendered some exceedingly suitable selections. After the ceremony a reception took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop receiving the congratulations of their friends beneath a floral bell of white lilacs, snowballs and marguerites. In one hall hung another bell and a horseshoe of carnations and pansies—the refreshment table also being decorated with masses of flowers. The presents were very numerous and exceedingly elegant. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lally of Lansingburg, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson of Oshawa, Mr. Reuben Leonard of Nova Scotia, Mr. F. Atkinson of Toronto, Dr. E. Bishop of the Willard Asylum, N.Y., Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Whitehead, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, Miss Nita Nelles, Mrs. and Miss Cleghorn, Miss Mary Barr and others. The happy couple left on the evening train for a trip which will include New York and the maritime provinces. In the evening Mrs. A. J. Wilkes gave a very pleasant party, at which nearly all the wedding guests were present.

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WATCHES

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The Property Man.

Who is the most important member of a company?

At first thought, one would say the star.

At second thought, we all know it's the property man.

The one person whose fiat is final, whose moods are to be respected, whose tenses must be conformed to, whose wrath must be turned aside with a soft answer, whose favor is to be fought for, sought for, prayed for, paid for, is the property man.

The management will take no nonsense from the leading man and no back talk from the soubrette; but they have got to stand both from Props.

The heavy villain can be bounced, and the dude can double him, but Props can't be doubled and the management knows it.

No member of the cast can ruin the play without, more or less, sacrificing himself or his own part before the house; but Props can break up every one and every situation if he wants, and not half try, and the management knows it. So does he.

Of course Props has his duties to perform, and he is paid—that is, he is if anybody is—to perform them.

He does not perform them, however, because he is paid, nor from a sense of duty, and the management knows that and so does every one else.

So the star calls him "me boy," and the leading man drinks with him, and the soubrette gives him a rose from her dress and the leading lady smiles on him, and he knows just what they all do it for, and treats them with kingly contempt and keep them wondering if he is going to do anything next and if he does what it will be.

You may be able to dictate to the management but you can't dictate to Props. Your hope is to let him see that you realize how utterly dependent you are upon him and that you humbly hope he won't take advantage of it.

Props can drop your iron trunk out of the second story window if he likes, or leave your basket trunk standing in a puddle. He can knock the lock off, every three towns, and shake everything inside into conglomerate chaos, every two towns.

Props can invariably put your trunk upside down, or lock to the wall in the dressing-rooms, or bank it just under the nails or in front of the only shelf.

He can leave it behind, and in your native town, where all the boys are coming to see you, force you to play costumed from the super wardrobe.

He can give you your hotel trunk only once a week, and that once send it to the wrong house.

When you protest he can tell you to "get it transferred yourself—you hear me!"

Maybe, if you say, "Andy—nice Andy—here is a dollar; I am sorry to trouble you; I feel deeply that I oughtn't to be alive. Won't you please—here is another dollar—find that worthless trunk of mine, please, nice Andy, and let me have it in time to get a clean collar out of it, oh, nice Andy"—maybe if you say that he may thaw and resolve himself into a do; more likely he will resolve himself into a don't, and say he hasn't got no time to be chasin' after nobody's trunk—do it yerself; he ain't to be ordered around by no play actress, he ain't, whatter yer think, nohow!

It rises up in your soul that you are leading lady, and that this fellow should be kicked immediately and peremptorily off the face of the globe. And you send for the stage manager to do it.

The stage manager, however, is chummy with Props—gets drunk when he does and all that, and he shrugs his shoulders and says he hasn't anything to do with it, and as he turns away you intercept a wink directed towards the adjacent Props.

For one awful moment you feel that gore alone can satisfy you. You have an intoxicating vision of a headless property man and a lonely grave where lies a murdered stage manager. You accomplish in your straining soul, a strength of quivering indignation your Pauline has never reached.

You send for the business manager with more dignity than ever Lady Anne worked up when she desired to be anointed with deadly venom and you await him in the dressing-room, every nerve on end and your eyes blazing.

He gets white around the mouth; he extends his palms, and says soothingly that, "Dear me, you shall have your trunk, of course;" that he "will see to it immediately," and forthwith prepares to bolt.

You stop him. It isn't the trunk you are quivering about; you want that miserable, wretched caitiff made to understand his place and your position. You desire that he—etc.

The business manager's hair begins to rise right there before you and turn gray.

What! Say anything like that to Props? Impossible. Dear, dear! He has no authority over Props; no one has. He couldn't—he—! Oh, my!

Then, in a "let-my-wrongs-make-me-sacred" voice you outline your rights, ending with a "child-no-more I-love-and-I-am-woman?" demand to know who is the more to be regarded in the company, yourself or Props.

And right then and there you find out.

It's Props.

You can digest the venom of your spleen as soon as you are able. The sooner the better for you.

You can accomplish an apologetic air towards Props, as soon as your constitution can adjust itself to the necessities of the situation, but you can get no better satisfaction.

You may dream of having a different system in your company; but, if you ever have a company you will probably do as others do—put up with and conciliate your property man lest he put a broken slat in Camille's death-bed, or set a hundred-dollar marble Venus on in the orphan's garret where she has to say she can find nothing to pawn for bread. Richmond must say his prayer and hear Props in the wings, remark: "Luk at thet feller, he ain't no actor to get the money he does," and he's got to stand it, if he wants a sword for the fight in the last act or a calcium to help him through the curtain speech.

If Bassanio wants to find the lead casket unlocked that he may open it for the scroll, he mustn't be too stuck up to drink beer with Props when they meet at the same bar.

Just make up your mind at once that your dignity and convenience and position are of no account beside that of property men and stage managers.

The "artists" can stand around draughty stages waiting for their scenes, because the stage manager "ain't got no time to be calling acts all the time."

Think of Ophelia hearing a vague shout from somewhere that her mad scene curtain is about to go up, and rushing half dressed and scared to death up the hall and on the stage to find herself gasping and voiceless when she ought to sing, and stumbling every two steps on her dress which she hadn't pinned up.

When she makes the first exit for that wait, during which she gathers her flowers together, she finds the stage manager in the wings, spitting tobacco among her roses and telling her that the next time he will ring up on her, he will, by gosh!

And you know he can and probably will and for the rest of the season that change to the mad scene dress is one awful torture. It would seem that your anxiety over a trying scene ought to be all you should have to fight against without having to keep an anguished strain of attention towards the distant stage, and a scared dependence upon chance and good luck to get you up in time.

The stage hands are certainly inclined to regard the "artists" with contempt. I wonder if the "devils" in printers' offices are the same way?

Props slaps the star on the back, and the stage manager borrows tobacco from His Leads.

Even the hired supers in the different towns look at us with level-eyed impudence.

The dainty "emotional lead" can force through the unyielding crowd of them, picking her way through the mess of tobacco that puddles the floor about them, and hear remarks about her ankles, and speculations as to how much of her figure is genuine.

Writers, painters, etc., can at least secure harmonious environment during the hours of artistic creation. The studio and sanctum may be made secure from the invasion of brutalizing contact, but the temple of our art is dirty, noisy and ugly, and we stamp the fragile page of passing time with our Juliet, or Marguerite, or our Camille, within earshot of supers' oaths and catch the divine afflatus with a mingling of tobacco and gin from less god-like breath.

Of course, to those who have not had an on-the-road experience all this will seem overdrawn; but to the rest of us—well, we know what a lot there is that is not put down here, don't we?—*Polly, in N. Y. Dramatic Mirror.*

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway, of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking coat. The four button sack coat is also worn a great deal among travelers, it being an easy lounging and comfortable coat. The stock of Scotch tweeds and cheviots imported by the fashionable west end tailor this season is especially adapted for traveling purposes, and he invites his many patrons and friends generally to call and inspect his stock. He has also received a full assortment in light flannel goods for tennis wear, and which are now open for inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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First Lady—Bonjour, Madame Stanislas, I am so glad to meet you, I wanted to speak to you so badly for some time past.

Mme. Stanislas—I am so sorry; you don't look well at all. Are you ill?

First Lady—Just so. I am disgusted with my bang and hair; I can't keep it in curls. Your bang is always curly and pretty and your hair so neat, that I must trouble you to ask how you manage it.

Mme. Stanislas—Why, with pleasure. Do you know Armand's Hair Store?

First Lady—I am sorry I do not; I have heard about it.

Mme. Stanislas—Well, it is No. 407 Yonge Street. There you will find the best stylish and cheapest hair goods in the city. Get an artificial bang like mine for the summer, and one of those wavy switches, and you will look better than I do

The first lady was sunstruck, and they carried her to

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Where she got a lovely bang and a wavy switch, and then she felt better.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is ly ily stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard."

That suggestion of Cuthbert Ramsay's of latent madness in the lodge-keeper came upon Theodore like a flash of lurid light, and gave a new color to all his thoughts. It was in vain that his friend reminded him of the wide distinction between the fury of the homicidal lunatic and the settled melancholy of a mind soured and warped by misfortune. After that conversation in the park he was haunted by Mrs. Porter's image, and he found his mind distracted between two opposite ideas; one pointing to the man who had claimed Mrs. Danvers as his wife, the deserted and betrayed husband of James Dalbrook's mistress; the other dwelling upon the image of this woman living at his kinsman's gate, with an existence which was unsatisfactorily explained by the scanty facts which he had been able to gather about her former history.

He recalled her conduct about her daughter, her cold and almost vindictive rejection of the penitent sinner; her stern resolve to stand alone in the world.

Was that madness, or the consciousness of guilt, or what? It was conduct too unnatural to be accounted for easily, consider it how he might. He had heard often enough of fathers refusing to be reconciled with erring or disobedient children. The flinty hardness of the father's heart has become proverbial. But an unforgiving mother seems an anomaly in nature.

He determined upon confiding Ramsay's opinion and his own doubts to Lord Cheriton without delay.

Whatever abnormal circumstances there had been in Mrs. Porter's history, her benefactor was likely to be acquainted with them; and if those circumstances had affected her intellect it was vital that he should be made aware of the fact before evil of any kind could arise.

He contrived an after dinner stroll upon the terrace with his kinsman as upon the previous evening, and entered upon the subject without loss of time.

"Ramsay and I had an afternoon tea with Mrs. Porter," he said.

"Indeed! What took you there? She is not a sociable person in a general way, or accessible to strangers."

"It was to gratify a fancy of Ramsay's that I went there. He admired her cottage and was interested in her history, and took it into his head that she was a woman of exceptional character."

"He was not far wrong there, I believe, Mrs. Porter is a very hard nut to crack. I have never been able to fathom her."

"And yet with your knowledge of her previous history you must have the safest clue to her character."

"I don't know about that. There is nothing exceptional in her history—and there is much that is exceptional in her character, as your friend says. Pray what was the result of his observation of the lady in the leisure of afternoon tea drinking?"

"He believed that he saw the traces of madness in her countenance and manner; madness either past, present, or impending. He could not decide which."

There was not light enough upon the terrace to show Theodore any change in his cousin's countenance, but the movement of Lord Cheriton's hand as he took the cigar from his mouth, and the sudden slackening of his pace were sufficient indications of troubled thought. It could hardly be pleasant for him to hear so melancholy a suggestion about the pensioner whom he had established in comfort at his gate, intending that she should enjoy that comfort for all the days of her life.

"Upon what does your friend base this fantastical notion," he asked angrily.

"Upon physiological and psychological evidence. You can question him if you like, it appears to me that you ought to know the truth."

"I have no objection to hear anything he may have to say, but it is very unlikely I shall be influenced by him. These young men, who are by way of being savants, are full of crotchets and theories. They look at every one as Darwin looked at a Virginia creeper or a cowslip, with a preconceived notion that they must find out something about him. I believe Mrs. Porter, with her calm, impassible nature, is much better able to reckon up your friend Ramsay than he is able to come to a correct opinion about her."

"I should like you to discuss the question with him at any rate," said Theodore. "The horror of last year's calamity is a reason you should have nobody about the estate whom you cannot trust."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that while you have madness at your gate you may have murder in your house."

"Theodore! You cannot be so cruel as to associate that unhappy woman with Godfrey Carmichael's death!

"God knows! That murder has to be accounted for somehow. Can you, as Juanita's father, know rest or peace till it has been accounted for? I could not, in your place."

"I hope you do not think it necessary to teach me my duty to my daughter," said Lord Cheriton coldly; and Theodore felt that he had said too much.

His cousin addressed him upon some indifferent subject a minute or so afterwards, when he had lighted a fresh cigar, and his manner resumed its usual friendliness. There was no further mention of Mrs. Porter that night, but on Sunday Lord Cheriton took the opportunity of walking home from church with Cuthbert Ramsay, and questioned him as to his impressions about the lodge-keeper.

"Theodore has exaggerated the significance of my remark," explained Cuthbert. "I take it Mrs. Porter's case is one of slight aberration brought on by much brooding upon troubles, real or imaginary. If my power to diagnose is worth anything, her mind has lost its balance, her thoughts have lost their adjusting power. She is like a piece of mechanism that has got out of square, and will only work one way. You may hardly consider that this amounts to madness, and I may have done wrong in speaking of it; only were Mrs. Porter concerned in my existence, I should feel it incumbent on me to watch her; and I recommend you to have her watched, so far as it can be done without alarming or annoying her."

"I will do what I can. I will get another opinion from a man of long experience in mental cases. I have an old friend in the medical profession, a specialist, who has made mental diseases the study of his life. He will give me any advice I want."

"You cannot do better than get his opinion of Mrs. Porter, if you are interested in her welfare."

"I am interested in all who are dependent upon me, and in her especially, on account of old associations."

Lady Carmichael drove over to Cheriton after luncheon, upon one of those Sunday visits which she paid from time to time in deference to her father, albeit she could never approach the house without pain. She came in the useful family landau, which had carried the Misses Carmichaels to tennis parties, dinners, and dances, before they married, and which now conveyed the nurse and baby on their visits to Cheriton. She came for what Lady Cheriton called a long afternoon, and she was received in the library, which was now the most used room in the house. No one cared to occupy that fatal drawing-room; and although it was always accessible, and there was a faint of daily occupation, its cold elegance was for the most part untenanted.

"And over all there hung a cloud of fear."

To-day, for the first time, Theodore discovered numerous alterations in the arrangement of pictures and furniture in the hall. He had promised Cuthbert to show him the portraits of the Stranways, and found to his chagrin that picture of the Squire's three children, painted nearly forty years before; but he found that this picture, among others, had been removed, and that a fine Rhodian plate occupied its place on the dark oak panelling.

He mentioned the fact to his cousin.

"I am sorry to spoil the family group," he said. "It was a really interesting picture."

"Interesting to you perhaps, who knew the history of the race," answered Lord Cheriton; "but very uninteresting to a stranger. I think I've made an improvement over there. That plate is a splendid bit of color, and lights up a dark corner. But that was not my motive. I wanted to make such trifling alterations as would change the aspect of the hall for Juanita, without any noticeable refurnishing. I have done the same thing in the library. The changes there are slight, but the room is not as it was when she and her husband occupied it."

"I should like to show Ramsay the Stranway portraits, if they are quite at ease."

"They are not, just at present. The canvases were rotting, and I have sent them to London to be relined. You can show them to your friend by and by, when I get them home."

Mr. Ramsay's thoughts seemed a long way from the Stranway portraits this afternoon, although he had experienced a curiosity as to the lineaments of that luckless race. He was out in the garden—in Lady Cheriton's rose garden—with Juanita and her nurse, to receive further proofs of his adaptability to infantile society. The grandmother was of the party, looking on with profound admiration at that phase of awakening intelligence which Theodore as taking notice. It was held now as an established fact that the infant Godfrey James Dalbrook took notice, and that his notice dwelt with especial favor upon Cuthbert Ramsay.

"I think it must be because you are so tall and big," said Juanita lightly. "He feels your power, and he wants to conciliate you."

"Artful little beggar! No, that is much too low a view. There is a magnetic affinity between us, love at first sight. When babies do take a fancy they are thoroughly in earnest about it. Loafing about in the New Cut some times, studying human nature from the Saturday night point of view, I have had a poor woman's baby take a fancy to me—a poor little elfin creature, a year old perhaps, and not half so big as this bloated aristocrat, a sour smelling baby which would give you *mal au cœur*, Lady Carmichael; and the wretched little waif would hanker on my shoulder and linger and cleave to me as if I were its mother. Oh, how sorry I have felt for such a baby—with the pure silvery gray eyes that belong to the fairies, the withered face that has grown old for want of cold water and fresh air. For such infancy and for stray dogs I have suffered acutest agonies of pity—and yet I have done nothing—only pitied and passed on. That is the worst of us. We can all pity, but we don't act upon the divine impulse. We say to ourselves, we feel vite felt very sorry for the wounded traveler, though he did not see his way to helping him."

This was one of Cuthbert Ramsay's whims. He was wont to indulge in when he found himself in congenial society; and Juanita's society was particularly congenial to him. He felt as if no sister woman had ever so sympathized with him or understood him—and he gave her credit for doing both. Never had he felt so happy in the society of any woman, as he felt in Juanita's garden to-day, among the roses which were just now blooming in a riotous luxuriance, the inclining branches of standards too heavy with great balls of blossom, swaying gently in the summer wind.

He had expected to see her a gloomy creature, self conscious in her grief—but the child's little fingers had loosened her heart strings. If she was not gay, she was at least able to endure society in others. She listened to the young man's rhapsodies and paradoxes with a gentle smile; she admired her mother's roses—she felt no shadow upon the quiet happiness of the summer afternoon, that tranquil contentedness which belongs to the loveliness of Nature, and which makes a blessed pause in the story of human passion and human discontent. It was one of those summer afternoons which make one say to oneself, "Could life be always thus what a blessed thing it were to live!" and then the sound of evening bells breaks the spell, and the shadows creep across the woods, and it is the dinner time, and all that halcyon peace is over.

How lovely she looked in her simply-made black gown, with its closely-fitting bodice and straight flowing skirt, dress that the mistress silk which falls in such statuesque folds. The plain little white crape cap seemed the most perfect coiffure and set off that raven hair and pure white forehead. She was unlike any other woman Cuthbert Ramsay had ever known. There was not one trace of the slang, nor of the society manner of looking at life. She had passed through the fiery ordeal of two London seasons unscorched in the furnace. Love had been the purifying influence. She had never lived upon the excitement of every day pleasures and volatile loves, the intermittent fever of flirtations and engagements that are on and off half a dozen times in a season. The influence that guided all her thoughts and all her actions had been one steadfast and single-minded love. She had cared for no praises but from her lover's lips; she had dressed and danced, and played and sung, for none other than him. Her love and devotion to her child there was the same concentration and simplicity. She did not know that she was looking lovelier in that severe black gown and white cap; she did not know that Cuthbert Ramsay admired her far too much for his peace. She only felt that he was very kind to her, and that he was a man of whom that he was a clever young man whose society suggested new ideas, and made her for the moment forgetful of her self-imposed grief.

It was evening before she left Cheriton. She had stayed much later than usual, and the shadows were creeping across the park as she walked to the west gate with Theodore and his friend, the carriage following slowly with nurse and baby ensconced among light fleecy wraps, lest the breeze should visit that human blossom too roughly. Theodore had proposed the walk across the park, and Juanita had assented immediately.

"I am always glad of a walk," she said. "I have so few excuses for a ramble nowadays. I have to stay at home to take care of baby."

"Do you doubt the capabilities of that highly-experienced nurse?" asked Ramsay laughingly.

"I doubt everyone but myself, and I sometimes doubt my own discretion where my precious one is concerned."

"You will have more reason to doubt by and by when your precious one is old enough to be spoilt," said Theodore. "He has begun to take notice, and before very long he will notice that he is monarch of all he surveys, and that everybody about him is more or less his slave. He will live in that atmosphere till you send him to Eton, and then he will find himself suddenly confronted with the hard, cruel world of strictly Republican boyhood, which will jostle and hustle with ruthless equality."

Lady Cheriton had business in London early in the following week. She was going to London to see her dentist, and her dressmaker, the latter being one of the arbiters of fashion who never go out of their way to wait upon their clients, but who do the matter exact respect and attentions from those clients. She had shopping to do at the West-end of London, that shopping which is so delightful to a lady who spends two thirds of the year in the country. Above all, she had things to get at the "Stores," an institution which was dear to Lady Cheriton's heart, in spite of all her husband's lectures upon political economy and the necessity of sustaining private enterprise and the shopkeeping interest.

Hearing of these engagements, and that Lady Cheriton intended to spend two nights in Victoria street, Theodore suggested that he should be allowed to accompany his cousin to London and to arrange a meeting between her and the young woman who called herself Marian Gray.

"If you really wish to help her," he concluded.

"I do really wish it," answered Lord Cheriton earnestly, "and the sooner the matter is put in hand the better pleased I shall be. Shall my wife call on this person?"

"She is very proud and very reserved. It might be better to bring about a meeting which would appear accidental. Marian goes for a long walk with Miss Newton once or twice a week. I could arrange with her good friend that they should be walking in a particular place—Battersea Park, for instance—at certain hour, and Lady Cheriton could drive that way with me, and we could meet them. It would be the easiest way of arriving at the truth as to Marian Gray's identity with Mercy Porter."

"Very good. You might suggest that to my wife."

Lady Cheriton, who was the soul of good-nature, fell in at once with Theodore's idea.

"I am anything but a proper person to help that poor girl," she said; "for I think her sadly to be pitied. Her girlhood was so dull and joyless—such a ceaseless round of lessons and practice, without any of those pleasures to which most school girls look forward. Her mother seemed to take a pride in keeping the girl apart from everyone, dressing her plainly, and in making her whole life as hard as she could. I hardly wonder that the poor, hopeless creature surrendered to the first tempter—a man whose manner to women had always been called irresistible, even by women of the world, and a man who would not shrink from any amount of falsehood in pursuing his wicked aim. And now she is paying forfeit for her sin with a lonely life of toil in a London garret. Poor Mercy! She was so pretty and so refined—a lady in all her instincts."

Theodore went up to town with Lady Cheriton on the following Wednesday—Cuthbert Ramsay having left on Monday—promising to return at the end of the week. He went straight from the terminus to Wedgewood street, where he saw Miss Newton, at her own and Lady Cheriton's benevolent intentions to Marian, alias Mercy, and arranged the walk in Battersea Park for the following afternoon. Miss Newton and her protegee were to be walking upon the pathway beside the river at half-past three o'clock, when Lady Cheriton would drive that way.

Miss Newton had no difficulty in carrying out her part of the little plot. Marian was always ready to put aside her work for the pleasure of a long ramble with her only friend to whom her heart was ever open. She met Miss Newton at the starting-place of the tram-car, and they rode through the dusty streets high, very high for the People's Park, where the flower-beds were gaudy with the rank luxuriance that is the beginning of the end of summer's good things, and where the garden-beds were gnawed-riddled by voracious slugs. There was a dustiness and worn out air upon all the foliage and all the flowers, despite the coolness that came from the swiftly flowing river—an air of fading and decay which pervades even the outermost regions of London when the season is over and the world of fashion has fled—the air of a theater when the play is done and the lights are extinguished.

Sarah Newton and her young friend walked slowly along the gravel pathway, looking dreamily at the bright river, with its life and movement of passing boats and flowing waters. The elder of the two friends, who was not quite so full of cheery talk of newspapers and books, the history of the present, and the history of the past, was to-day unusually grave and silent.

"I'm afraid you are not well, dear Miss Newton," said Marian, looking at her anxiously.

"Oh, yes, my dear, I am well enough. You know I am made of cast-iron, and except for the toothache, or a cold in my head, I hardly know what illness means. I am only a little thoughtful."

They walked a few paces in silence, and then Miss Newton stopped suddenly to look at approaching carriage. "What a stylish Victoria. Why, I declare there is Mr. Dalbrook, with a lady."

The carriage drew up as she spoke, and Theodore alighted. Marian had reddened a little at the mention of his name, but the flush upon her cheek deepened to crimson when she saw the lady in the carriage, and as the lady got out and came towards her the crimson faded to a deadly white.

"Mercy, child, I am glad with all my heart to find you," said Lady Cheriton, holding out her hand.

She was determined that there should be no doubt in the young girl's mind as to her friendship and indulgence—that there should be nothing in the mode of her approach, in the tone of her voice, or the expression of her countenance that could bruise that broken reed. Love and pity looked out of those lovely Southern eyes, which even in manhood retained much of their youthful beauty.

Mercy Porter went towards her, trembling, and with eyes brimming with tears. The calm, self-restrained nature had melted all at once at those gentle words in the kind, familiar voice which had praised and petted her years ago in her desolate childhood. The transformation filled Theodore with wonder.

"Dear Lady Cheriton, I thought you would long ago have forgotten the wretched girl to whom you were once so kind," she faltered.

"No, Mercy, I have never forgotten you. I have always been sorry—deeply sorry for you, and when Mr. Dalbrook told me about how he met a person who interested him—a person associated with Cheriton—I knew that person must be you. My dear girl, I thank God that we have found you. My cousin will call upon you to-morrow and talk to you about your future—and of our plans for making your life happier than it has been."

"There is no need," said Mercy quickly. "I get on very well as I am. My life is quite good enough for me. I hope for nothing better, wish for nothing better."

"Nonsense, Mercy. His lordship and I are your friends, and we mean to help you."

"I will accept help from no one, Lady Cheriton. I made up my mind about that long ago. I can earn my own living very well now. If ever I grow feeble or my eyes fail me, I can go to the workhouse. I am deeply thankful for your pity, for your sympathy—but I ask for no more. I will accept no more."

"We will see about that, Mercy," said Lady Cheriton, with her gentle smile, quite unable to estimate the mental force in opposition to her.

She could understand a certain resistance, the wounded pride of a sensitive nature painfully conscious of disgrace, unable to forget the past. She was prepared for a certain amount of difficulty in reconciling this proud nature to the acceptance of benefits, but she never for one moment contemplated an implacable resistance.

"Let me see your friend, Mercy," she said, "the lady who has been kind to you."

"Kind is a poor word. She has been my angel of deliverance. She has saved me from the great dismal swamp of self-abasement and despair."

Miss Newton had walked briskly ahead with Theodore, so as to leave Lady Cheriton and Mercy together. Mercy ran after her friend, and brought her back a little way, as Lady Cheriton advanced to meet her.

"Miss Newton, my one true and good friend in all this great world of London, and the one friend of my miserable childhood, Lady Cheriton," said Mercy, looking from one to the other with that intent look of thoughtful minds that work in narrow grooves.

"I thank you for being good to one in whose life I am warmly interested, Miss Newton," said Lady Cheriton. "You have done the work of the good Samaritan, and at least one wounded heart blesses you."

They walked on a little way together, and Lady Cheriton spoke of the old house and the old family, the vanished race with which Sarah Newton had been associated in her girlhood.

"They are all dead, I understand?"

"Yes, there is none left of the old family. They are not a fortunate race, and I fear there are few who regret them; but I cannot help feeling sorry that they are all gone. They have passed away like a dream when one is awakened."

Lady Cheriton lingered on the river side pathway for nearly half an hour, talking to Mercy and Miss Newton. Theodore left them together, after having obtained Mercy's permission to call at her lodgings on the following afternoon.

(To be Continued.)

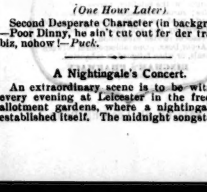
Rider Haggardism.

SIR
Grieve not for me, my husband dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in short time you'll come to I.

MR.
I am not grieved, my dearest life,
Sle p on—I've got another wife;
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go and live with she.

A Hitch in the Programme.

First Desperate Character—There's a widder lives up there, all alone; I'll go in an' scare the life out o' 'er, an' make 'er set out the best grub she's got in the house, fer the two of us!



(One Hour Later)

Second Desperate Character (in background).—Poor Dinny, he ain't cut out fer der travelin' biz, nohow!—*Puck.*

A Nightingale's Concert.

An extraordinary scene is to be witnessed every evening at Leicester in the freemen's allotment gardens, where a nightingale has established itself. The midnight songster was first heard a week ago, and every evening hundreds of people line the roads near the trees where the bird has his haunt. The crowds patiently wait till the music begins, and the bulk of the listeners remain till midnight, while a number of enthusiasts linger till one and two o'clock in the morning. Strange to say, the bird usually sings in a large thorn bush just over the entrance of the tunnel of the Midland main line, but the songster is heedless of noise, and smoke and steam, his stream of song being unbroken by the roar of five hours every night. So large has been the throng of listeners that the chief constable has drafted a number of policemen to maintain order and prevent damage.

He Saw It.

"Sit down—sit down," replied the old farmer, as he laid down his brush hook and dumped himself on the grass. "So you want to know what Mr. Perkins lives?"

"Yes."

"Know the family?"

"Somewhat."

"Can you be Hi's wife's brother?"

"No."

"Cousin of Hi's mebbe?"

"No."

"You ain't an officer with a writ to serve?"

"Oh, no."

"Maybe you're going out to sell him a windmill or an organ?"

"No."

"Known Hi long?" he queried, as he rubbed his sleeve over his face.

"Now very."

"Ah! I see how it is!" he suddenly exclaimed, as a grin began to spread over his face. "You live in town—threatened with consumption—doctor advises farm diet and outdoor exercise—going out to fix up matters with Hi. They used to come to me by droves, but I got tired of it. All of 'em now go to Hi! Guess I wasn't quite soft 'nuff with 'em."

"How?"

"Waal, it sort of riled me to have a chap around who didn't know the difference atwixt a bumblebee and a turnip patch, and I s'pose I got—

When I sat down I noticed a big bumblebee working his way up the old man's back by his left suspender, but I thought the insect might be a pet of his, and so didn't say anything. He had just got to the point above when he uttered an awful yell, leapfrogged over the old stump, fell down, scrambled up, and then went tearing through the hazel bushes like a Texas steer on the rampage. I counted fourteen whoops before he ceased, and it was twenty minutes before he returned.

"Will, was it a turnip patch or a bumblebee?" I asked.

"Durn my flint! but you must a seen them critters prowling around when you fust come up, and now you just please git over into that ar' road and jog along afore I let loose! I can't abide a one-lung, narrer-souled man, and I'll be hanged if I tell you what Hi Perkins or anybody else lives! A consumptive as will calmly sot down and see a bar' of bumble bees holdin' a convention on a man's back, which hasn't got no underskirt on, and never warn him of the coming calamity, is jist mean 'nuff to go and crawl into a feller's barn and die thar and spile three tons of hay!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

There Must Be No Mistake.

At the fish dealer's—Please send up to my house to-morrow a couple of nice bass.

"Yes, sir."

"And, by the way, be sure they are bass. I'm going off for a day, and—er—er—the last time I sent a told me that it was tench fishing, and you sent up a fresh mackerel. These little errors are causing strained relations in my family."

Fitted for Any Climate.

The traveling missionary had had a somewhat varied experience. He had been through a rough country, and his meek spirit had been sorely tried. He had found the spirit of irreverence and disbelief all over the land and the ground was stony. But he left in despair when he struck an old man at a railway station in Texas. They were both waiting for the train. He got into conversation with the grizzled veteran of frontier life. They discussed various things, and finally the missionary asked:

"Are you prepared to die?"

"I guess you've always got to be prepared in this country. Yes, I'm prepared to die or get the drop on the other fellows."

"I don't mean that. Are you prepared for a hereafter?"

"Why, certainly. A hereafter! Look here, stranger. I was brought up in Arkansaw, an' I went from there to Missouri, an' from there I came to Texas, an' I've lived here ten years. I guess I can stand any hereafter as may be."

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For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

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Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

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THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC.

A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the Muscular System; restoring long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

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Jack's Yarn

It was the evening of the great concert, and as the performance concluded half a dozen of us met outside the hall and, standing in a circle, proceeded to discuss the evening's entertainment, and particularly the playing of a certain famous violinist. Ralph, as usual, was in ecstacies over it, and declared with emphasis that it was the best playing he had ever heard but as that is generally Ralph's verdict after every concert he attends much attention was paid to his statement. Nevertheless that proved to be the keynote of what followed as it caused one, loved and honored by us all, to remark quite seriously: "Yes, Ralph, we have heard some splendid music this evening, but I will say that I once heard sweeter and grander music, by a more accomplished violinist and upon a far finer instrument. As this is another very common phase in the discussion of a concert it merely provoked a smile, seeing which Jack became more and more emphatic in his assertion, finally declaring that he had the identical violin in his possession at that present time, and that he was ready and willing to tell us about it and let us see it. This was something new and startling, as although we had all been frequent visitors at his home never had we dreamt of such a curiosity being so near us. It must have been my invariable fondness for hearing stories that prompted me to propose that we should accompany him home and hear the story and see the violin, which some one further supplemented by observing something about "the night being young."

The old servant who was looking after the house during Mrs. James' absence evidently thought that Mr. James had gone out of his mind, as he led the way to the smoking-room, but she contented herself with looking daggers at us as we trooped after him. If there is one thing I admire, it is that exquisite little smoking-room—but I must not be too minute, yet I must say that I do admire that room in all its daintiness, the work of the artistic and ingenious Mrs. James herself. After seeing that we were all comfortably seated, Jack—pray allow me to call him by his more familiar name and the one that has become so endeared to me—disappeared for a few minutes, but soon returned with a small, narrow case, not more than eighteen inches long. Unlocking this case with the utmost veneration, he lifted out the neck and part of the finger-board of a violin which he handed to me, with the simple words: "The violin, gentlemen." After asking pardon for not having explained himself more fully at the time, and laying the relics down on a little round table in full view, he then told us how the violin came to be destroyed, and his connection with it.

. . . . . .

We had been four or five days out from Singapore, and it was one of the most beautiful tropical summer nights, although there was quite a little bit of a swell running. I was sitting in a sheltered nook on the windward side of the main deck, gazing away across what at one moment appeared to be an immense field of snow, and then would be suddenly transformed into a seething, leaping mass of golden and vermilion flames. It was not altogether new to me, so I was sitting and dreaming probably about nothing in particular, and I believe was almost dozing off to sleep, when a voice not far off said: "O, sir, is not this just perfectly lovely!" I sprang up and turned round to see a beautiful girl holding firmly to a rope with one hand, while with the other she pointed to the sea. I was a young fellow then, and full of gallantry—I hope I haven't lost any of it yet—and so immediately assisted her to a seat in the corner I had been appropriating all to myself, and she being a bright, intelligent creature, and I being nothing bashful, we were soon fast friends. After a lot of pleasant, airy nothings, she turned her attention to the lit-up ocean again, and I was amused at the extravagance with which she praised it.

"Isn't it rather peculiar," I said, "that it is a sort of mollusc or shell-fish that makes the ocean look like this?"

She gave me a look of bewildered astonishment and smiled incredulously, but at that moment the spray of a wave carried one of the fish almost to our very feet, where it lay glittering and shining. I laughed. How wonderful! How extraordinary! And yet an inward aversion to the animalcule caused her to move a few feet farther on: of their reach.

"You don't seem to take a great interest in the phosphorescent sea, Mr. James?"

"Oh yes; I like to see it."

She did not like my matter-of-fact way of speaking of what she was praising so highly, but presently she returned to the charge.

"You have traveled much, Mr. James? Have you been long in India?"

"Oh no," I replied; "a couple of years at the most, and one year of that was spent on the frontier of Afghanistan."

"Oh-h-h! Don't you think the Afghan is one of the most picturesque and interesting persons one can see? I saw several in Bombay and I thought them just perfectly lovely."

"Well, I've seen pleasanter people, as I think the Afghan looks best at a respectful distance."

I was getting into a mess, I felt sure, judging by the little pout she gave, but when one is brought into constant contact with things in an unpleasant way, one can't be expected to pay much attention to their picturesqueness. After a short pause she again ventured:

"And the Himalayas?"

"Confounded!" For visions of toilsome tramps and marches, and cold campings out were conjured up at the word.

"I am afraid, Mr. James, you do not know how to appreciate beauty—in nature," she added, closing the loop-hole for escape, which I had already begun to take advantage of.

"I am sorry, Miss Nairn, to admit it, and sorrier still to have offended you, but if you will permit me there is one thing I do appreciate with all my soul, and that is the marvellous violin playing of a gentleman we have on board, and I am sorry to think that he is in the steerage, as I believe him to be every inch a gentleman——"

"Then perhaps you had better go and cultivate the gentleman's acquaintance," and almost before I was aware she had arisen, and taking leave with a superb and somewhat scornful bow, laid her hand upon the arm of a seaman who happened to be passing, and swept forward to the saloon.

Matter-of-fact I am, and matter-of-fact ever was, but I confess to being rather surprised at the short and abrupt way she took leave of me, and something peculiar in the manner her lips quivered when I mentioned the violin playing puzzled me considerably, so I lit a cigar and proceeded to think the matter over. It was clear that there must be some connection between her and the gentleman mentioned, but bother as I liked I could make nothing further out of it, and, not being particularly fond of cracking such hard nuts, I wisely turned in for the night.

Life on board ship is monotonous at best, and anything in the way of enlivening the dull hours is gaily seized on, so next day we had a grand time on the upper deck, as several gentlemen got up an impromptu concert, and I used my influence with Mr. Archer, with whom I had become pretty well acquainted, to get him to favor us with some of his wonderful music. Everyone on board was included in the invitation, and the only one not present was my fair partner of the previous evening's *tete-a tete*, and I concerned myself half the time endeavoring to find some excuse for her absence, and asking myself the other half what business it was of mine. I observed also that Mr. Archer was searching for someone in the crowd whom he could not find; and though he played well, yet he did not throw his heart into the music as I had seen him do on one or two previous occasions, but as the concert went on he seemed to recover his spirits amid the general lightheartedness, and played with such skil as to hold the whole company spell-bound.

Late that night I was lounging around the deck, cigar in mouth, as usual thinking of no'hing in particular, when I was surprised to see Archer beckoning me to come forward, as according to the ship's rules steerage passengers were prohibited from going on the upper deck. I immediately went forward. At my first glance I thought he was looking pale and worn, but before I could make any remarks he said:

"Excuse me, Mr. James, but I saw you in conversation with Miss Nairn last evening——

"You know her!"

"I do. Pardon me the question—you are in no way related to her?"

"Not at all."

He hesitated a moment. "Nor going to be?" and he blushed slightly as he spoke.

"Not to my knowledge."

He walked backwards and forwards across the deck two or three times, I all the time wondering what on earth possessed him, when, with almost a tremble in his voice, he said:

"Mr. James, I am sure I may trust you. Will you be so kind as to undertake to hand a note to Miss Nairn—we are old acquaintances," he hastily said, as he saw my look of surprise. "But perhaps you will refuse to assist me?"

I assured him that I had no more than a passing interest in Miss Nairn, and that, however presumptuous it might appear, I would undertake to deliver his message, and after further agreeing to try to secure an answer, we dropped the subject. He was a most intelligent young man—a fellow Canadian, I understood—but no information could be gleaned about his personal affairs, but one thing he admitted to me was that he was not a violinist by profession; but that made the enigma still harder to work out.

Next day Miss Nairn was on deck, and I took the occasion of a few minutes' conversation, during which she talked with a happy, gay good humor, to duly present the note to her, with an apology for my ungentlemanly behavior in becoming a medium, and protesting that I was by no means responsible for the contents. I never before saw such a change come over any one; her agitation made me fairly alarmed, and I was heartily sorry that I had allowed myself to be made such a fool of, and yet it was with interest I watched her face as she retired a few steps and read the note. What an appealing look was in her eyes as she turned to me. "Oh, sir, tell him—tell him——" I suggested that a note would be more appropriate, and handed my note book to her, out of which she tore a leaf, scribbled a few lines, and then immediately hurried into her stateroom. I was in a regular quandary and pretty sick of meddling in other people's affairs, for I reasoned that it was wrong of me to deliver a message from a gentleman to a lady, both almost strangers, as the note might have contained the veriest insult imaginable or might have been exceedingly distasteful to her. And yet she was so beautiful and sweet-looking that I could not help being interested, and all the more so that I could not explain their inexplicable conduct.

I sought Archer soon after, and at a moment when we were alone handed him the note, and I easily saw the tears in the poor fellow's eyes as he eagerly seized it. Towards evening I met him again and he took the opportunity to whisper that Miss Nairn had condescended to meet him for a few minutes that evening, and he begged to thank me with all his heart. He gave no encouragement to speak of the object of the interview, but held out his hand to me and after a cordial shake we parted.

A party of us had been playing bagatelle in one of the saloons, and it must have been midnight when I went on deck for my nightly stroll and smoke before turning in. Well do I remember that night. The moon was shining fitfully through white fleecy clouds that floated overhead, but so little there was not a breath of wind, and nothing was to be heard but the throb of the engines and the lapping of the water as we cut our way onward. Here and there the phosphorous was emitting its peculiar light, and it was one of those wierdly solemn tropical nights which sometimes precede a gale or a hurricane. Not a soul was on deck except those on duty, and I strolled forward and sat down. It is a favorite way with me to sit in the evening completely at rest—mind, body and brain all at rest—and I am afraid that this evening I was almost dozing off when—what was that? Could it be a violin playing at this time of night? I sat and listened. Yes, there, right upon the bow of the ship, looking away ahead, was young Archer, playing his violin so softly and oh! so sweetly. I leaned back and shut my eyes, and gave myself wholly up to that wondrous music. It was a tune that thrilled me to the very heart, calling up all the recollections of home; a tune that I loved before and ever will love—it was that plaintive lament, Annie Laurie. Oh! how sweetly it sounded, and I remember taking up the tune at the second verse and softly humming the words. The violin seemed to breathe the very life of the heart, touching the inmost chords of the heart, rising and falling with a plaintiveness almost bordering on sadness, and when the song was finished there was a death like silence, as if the soul that had been singing was broken. But the silence was terribly broken by a crash and a fearful cry. I sprang to my feet, and—"Oh, God! man overboard! man overboard!" and as I cried I rushed to the ship's side—but nothing was to be seen. A boat was instantly lowered, into which I hastily jumped, and we pulled to and fro for over an hour, but all in vain.

Strange to say very few of the passengers had heard the cry, and so when I stepped on board I was not harassed with many questions, and after stating the facts as I knew them to the first officer, who was in charge of the deck at that time, and seeing the details of the suicide—for that it was such there could be no doubt—entered into the log-book, I went forward to the spot where Archer had taken his fatal leap. Strewed over and under a coil of rope were the remains of the violin, so shattered that all I could pick up was the neck and part of the finger-board, the part by which he had seized it. Of course the news soon spread over the ship, but as by the kindness of the officers orders were given to the sailors that my name was not to be mentioned in connection with it, there was little or nothing to feed the curiosity and the excitement attending it soon died out. I saw Miss Nairn frequently before we reached San Francisco, and once at her request I told all I knew of the manner of his death, but after that the subject was never touched.

It must have been fully two years after this that business took me to Montreal, when passing along St. James street, whom should I encounter but my old *compagnon de voyage*, Miss Nairn, arm-in-arm with a gentleman. "Oh! Mr. James!" and she held out her hand. "Allow me to introduce you to my husband, Mr. Hewson—Mr. James," and I shook hands for the first time with one of the truest and best-hearted young fellows I ever met. Of course I had to accompany them home to dinner—I may as well dine there every time I am in Montreal—and every minute I was more and more pleased with my new acquaintance and his charming wife. As we men adjourned to the balcony for a smoke, George, to my astonishment, asked me if I still recollected the voyage. On my replying that I had often puzzled over it, he said that he had been requested by his wife to clear away the mystery. It was a simple tale when all was told—just the old story of infatuated love, a love that could not, would not be quenched. Miss Nairn had made Archer's acquaintance in Canada, and when she went to Europe to finish her education he had followed, ostensibly on the plea of studying music, for even at that time he had earned a considerable reputation as a violinist. The girl, who before leaving had given her heart to young George Hewson, very plainly discouraged his attentions, but all to no purpose, as no sooner had she left Germany and went to London than he immediately followed. Before leaving Canada it had been arranged that she should proceed to India and visit a sister there, who was married to an English colonel in Bombay, and then proceed home by way of the Pacific. Archer got wind of this arrangement and soon turned up, but either his resources were failing or supplies had been cut off as he was rapidly becoming "shabby genteel." During the interview I have mentioned, Miss Nairn took occasion to show him a letter from her father, containing information of arrangements for her marriage when she should arrive home, and that knowledge must have been the direct cause of the dire catastrophe which followed. And the consequences at one time threatened to be more serious, as the event began to prey upon her mind, and she even went the length of refusing to allow the marriage to proceed, saying that she was responsible for his death, but time and George soon drove that idea out of her head, and as I hinted the last time I was down she has amply compensated for the past by bringing up two as stalwart young Canadians as one would wish to see. We have only one quarrel, and that is as to which of us shall possess this relic, but as long as I cherish the memory of the man who owned it and trusted me, so long shall I keep this fragment sacred.

FIONN.

Probably Caused by a Broomstick.

Lecturer on Phrenology (cautiously to man selected by audience for free examination—Married, I presume?

Man—Yes.

Lecturer (with confidence)—Many of the protuberances, ladies and gentlemen, which we find upon the heads of persons in various walks of life may be passed by as having no phrenological significance, as in the case of the gentleman whom I am now," etc.

Would Know Her Place.

Mrs. Hilton—I might as well tell you before we go any further that I discharged the last cook we had because she seemed to have the idea that she was the most important person in the house. I trust that if I engage your services as cook you will always be able to remember the place you occupy.

Would-be Cook—There'll be no trouble on that score, mum. I never get so full but what I can find the way home.

Perhaps the Boy Was Right.

Father—Boy, I think you will never be of much account.

Son—Whose fault is it, father?

F.—Whose fault is it? Why, yours of course.

S.—I'm your son, ain't I?

F.—Yes.

S.—Well, I've often heard you say that it is impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The censure of those that are opposite to us is the nicest commendation than can be given us.

What Training is Coming To.

Visiter to Paddock.—You've got Lightfoot down very fine; but what's that thing behind him?

Mr. Dire.—That's Snap Wittles. Hi, Snap!

His Jockey.—Yessir!—*Puck.*

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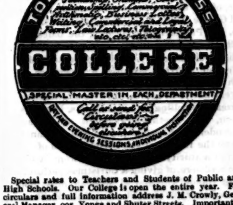

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Political Evolution.

Preachers, lecturers and writers on moral reform are continually telling us of the need of developing a higher type of manhood as the first essential to any permanent and effective amelioration in public affairs. The great want of the age, they say in a thousand different forms, is men—men of character, of principle, of backbone, who will not trim their sails to every passing breeze. This is all very true, if also very trite. Men of this kind are wanted badly and always have been. But have the moralizers who bewail flabbiness and want of moral stamina in our political and intellectual leaders, ever stopped to consider that in free countries public men are just exactly what the people make them and love to have them—the products of social and political evolution? It is all very fine for Baron Tennyson to cry out for "one still strong man in a blatant land, who can rule and dare not lie" —but suppose the people insist on the capacity to lie and to lie fluently, plausibly and continually as a condition to his being allowed to "rule." The people as a mass have not shown many signs of desiring straight up-and-down, unswerving, uncompromising men in positions of responsibility. Not only the party machinery, but our social conventionalism and the pressure of public opinion, all tend to make people dissimulators and trimmers. Men do not dare to speak out their honest thoughts on any vexed question for fear of ostracism. The few who are true to themselves and aim to steer a straight course regardless of the popularity of their opinions and actions, by so doing virtually shut themselves out from the chance of advancement. From our very cradles we have been taught to lisp the shibboleths of this or that sect, party or clique—to fall in line with some particular phase of opinion on almost every conceivable subject of general interest upon peril of social excommunication. Public opinion forms a sort of impalpable despotism. Though the old, crude forms of persecution are gone, intellectual nonconformity entails heavy penalties upon the man who endeavors to be true to himself, instead of shaping his ideas in accordance with the generally accepted formulas. It is a dangerous thing to be ahead of one's time in the acceptance of new views, or the discovery that old standards and traditions have outlived their usefulness. The consequence is that most men who are ambitious of preferment, either in political life or other public walks, are led insensibly to a timorous and conservative habit of thought. They are afraid to think, to investigate, to question antiquated traditions, and if they cannot help doing so they take good care to keep the results to themselves. They wink at time-worn abuses and the old familiar platitudes rise readily to their lips when any daring innovator assails them. Such environments have developed the race of political charlatans and jumping jacks, the editorial jelly-fish and shallow-pated platform mountebanks whose prominence is so often deplored. We shall never have real men in high places until the public learn a broader tolerance and cease to impose the shackles of partyism and rigid intellectual and social conformity upon all candidates for their favor. It ought to be understood by this time that the only effect of either religious or political tests is to make frauds and hypocrites—not true believers.

The Love of Literature.

In the days of our grandfathers when card-playing was a universal accomplishment in English society and a never-failing adjunct to evening parties, a story was current of some eminent man who asked an acquaintance if he could play whist. "No," was the reply. "Ah, my friend," answered his interrogator, "what a miserable old age you are preparing for yourself." The same thing might be applied and with considerably greater force to the man or woman who does not cultivate a love for reading. There is no surer preventive of *ennui* than a liking for books. The studious man is never at a loss to know what to do with himself—never feels the time hang heavy on his hands if he chances to be left alone for an evening. Instinctively he takes up a book and plunges into an ideal world. Instead of fuming and fretting at the petty annoyances of life and making himself and those around him miserable he forgets all his troubles by fixing his mind on the theme of his author. Books, whether read for study or purely for recreation, are a grand remedy for the evils of mental vacuity and unoccupied leisure. It is fashionable to decry excessive novel reading, but what on earth would thousands of idle, dawdling and mentally uncultivated people do with themselves if there were no novels? Surely it is better that people should read even trashy and sensational fiction and so find some sort of occupation for the mind, than spend the time gossiping with their neighbors or staring vacantly out of the window. Any sort of reading is better and healthier for the mind than perpetual brooding over petty personal concerns. One wonders how the people in the middle ages managed to get along without books—especially the women. For the men there was always occupation in hunting and fighting, but the women folks—to whom even visiting was for the most part impossible—must have found life intolerably dull. We ought to be thankful that we live in an age of cheap books—even though the copyrights are frequently stolen—which literally place within the reach of the poorest the intellectual wealth of all preceding ages. There is a fine poem by Alexander McLachlan in which he describes how in his lonely struggle in the bush, he was rescued from utter despair by the solace afforded by literature—

> Until that time I little knew
> What books for lonely hearts can do,
> Till spirits round my hearth they drew,
>
> Unveiled new regions to my sight
> And made the weary winter's night
> A perfect revel of delight.

If the potent charm and intellectual anæsthetic of literary pursuits were more generally appreciated in the city and country, there would be fewer cases of suicide and insanity, and vastly less intemperance.

The Music

The season has nearly ended and only the Gilmour concerts remain, a fitting climax to one of the dullest seasons that musical circles here have known. Not only have our local forces, both those who are organized and those who take part in the local concerts, been particularly active, but the visiting attractions have been numerous, in whose front stands Mme. Albani.

We are fond of calling Canada "the brightest jewel in the crown of the British Empire," may we not with equal accuracy and with equal loyalty call Mme. Albani the brightest jewel in the crown of musical art? Her beautiful voice, rich and full in its maturity, and her perfect method, in itself an object lesson of the greatest value for all our young aspirants to vocal fame, and the wonderful art she possesses, a magnetism which enthralls and subdues the listener—all combine to make her one of whose place of birth all Canadians are proud. In her singing we see and feel that another power which is not alone voice or art, but which is a sweet personality, a physical, mental and psychical influence that makes her a possessor a giant among men, a wielder of infinite power, the holder of a fairy wand before whose wave men's passions and prejudices bow in willing and admiring submission. Her company was admirable and worthy of its head.

Then we must place in the next rank the charming Emma Juch and the inimitable Carreno, who never fail to arouse in us the warmest feelings of admiration both for their personal gifts and technical excellence, and for their great artistic powers. Miss Juch has paid us two visits this year, and of these visits the most glowing recollection must be her beautiful rendering of the Knowest Thou the Land, from Mignon, at her first concert, and the Ave Maria, at the last one. She has a voice that has an infinite well of purity in it; and in these singing airs it finds congenial expression. The bright, mercurial temperament of the artist can find no more pleasing outflow than at the dainty finger ends of Mme. Carreno, who has been a favorite in Toronto, both as maiden and matron. Her superb technique, and her rich phrasing full of heart and soul, are a constant delight. Then comes young Rosenthal, a technician almost beyond comparison, yet who fails in showing heart, without which the poor artist is only intellectual, and makes us long for the artistic temperament, be it frail or otherwise. What matters it so long as we feel the heart beats of another human being?

Young Kreissler, a boy of fifteen, with his marvellous show of passion, which must in his case be a wonderful intuition of the life hidden under the veil of the future, is a fit member of this brilliant *coterie*. Ovide Musin, the Belgian wizard, has also revisited us, and lent the charm of his wondrous power to our delectation. To these must be added Miss Aus der Ohe, who only recently showed us the greatness of both her gifts and her art. Campanini, whose name will roll down the ages of the future, with those of Tamberlik, Rubim, Gullini and Mario, also been here, but alas! too late for those of us whom the needs of every day life kept at home to feel the wondrous charm he exercised, to admire the marvellous organ which like Orpheus of old, charmed all hearers.

Such as these have exerted their benign influence upon our musical life and aspirations, but we must not leave out of account a worthy army of workers, who strive and struggle in the cause of music, though bearing the incubus of localism. Our societies have in past years done good work in educating the public and infusing into negligent hearts and understandings an appreciation of the higher forms of music, of the works of men who had they lived in old Greece would have been demi-gods. Of these, the Philharmonic Society, the oldest in the city, has gone on from year to year fostered by the tireless energy of its conductor, Mr. Torrington, and has acquired a repertoire of which any choral force may be proud. Its work this year has been marked by two additions to its already swelling list of subjects, Handel's Samson, and Beethoven's Mount of Olives, both rendered with excellence and in a manner to make the friends of the society proud of its period of maturity. The fine old custom, lately introduced here, of giving a Christmas performance of Handel's immortal Messiah, must not be passed over, for the influence of the Philharmonic Society's steadfast adherence to this splendid work is felt in every large church in the city at Christmas and Easter tides. Besides this, just think how many singers have been schooled and have had their first dawnings of better music in the ranks and as soloists of this society!

The Choral Society though not as prominent as in past seasons, gave a memorable performance of Haydn's Creation, and demonstrated its right to be included in the list of educators of the public taste. Mr. Fisher's painstaking mind and patient heart was evident in the fine work done by his chorus this year, and it added another to the array of fine concerts given by the Society, dating from a humble beginning nine years ago, and running a well-graduated crescendo from cantatas and part-songs to the greatest works of the greatest masters. The Vocal Society, under Mr. Haslam, has frequently transported us into the realms of fancy, peopled by Phyllis and Colin and the dainty pastoral folk of early England, with their madrigals and old-time part-songs. Its chorus of a hundred voices has done some beautiful work which, unaided as it was by instrumental accompaniments, has nevertheless made it a model to be imitated, and a power to be respected.

Next we come to Mr. Torrington's orchestra, an organization offering possibilities in the future, whose power and magnitude may yet surprise us, and whose present work has certainly placed before us many gems of music, with which we might not have become acquainted except through accidental visits of other and perhaps more noted bands. Another band of this kind has been organized by the Conservatory under a clever young musician, Mr. Dinelli, and rumor says that it is also bright with promise of future excellence, and that it may yet be heard this year, and in being heard, offer cause for further congratulation on account of Toronto's musical progress. Then Toronto's array of solo vocalists has borne off its honors this year as in former years, and in many cases could proudly stand beside those of greater pretensions and of foreign fame, and in doing so defend the reputation of the dear old city.

To these forces must be added, in a consideration of the musical resources of the city, the two great schools, the Conservatory and the College (to avoid trouble I place them in the order of seniority) whose hundreds of pupils will go out into the world well equipped in the knowledge of their chosen art, and in the just pride in the institutions which will have so well fitted them out for the warfare of life. Then there are also private teachers and scholastic institutions whose work is bearing good fruit, and will continue to do so. And now, who will say that Toronto is not a musical city?

I think the devil has been in my "copy" lately (I mean the printer's devil). A ridiculous mistake last week made me give Mr. G. H. Fairclough the attribute of *length*, instead of *youth*.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Struck Gas has been drawing fairly good houses at the Toronto Opera House this week. The play is not unknown in this city, and has an added interest to many on account of its author, Mr. Tannehill, being a former resident of Toronto. The company as a whole is not a very bad one, and several of its members do some clever specialty work in the song and dance line.

Mr. William Gillette's experience at the Union Square Theater is very characteristic of the actor. He made a good deal of money with his play of Held by the Enemy, which is a good play, and he fired it all in on Robert Elsemere, which is a bad play; but he had more faith in the bad play than in the good, and so he hired the Union Square Theater for eight weeks and played the piece two. Then he and his backer had to scratch for the rent, and ended it all by giving notes. This reminds me of Denman Thompson, who will make probably two hundred thousand dollars on the Old Homestead, and next day will put it all up on a horse race, and then go to work again at the bottom; or Henry Dixey who ought to have made a clean hundred thousand dollars on Adonis, but who never has more than ten dollars at his command owing to his luxurious habits. About one actor in fifty ever saves any money. About forty-nine in fifty make plenty of it. We have a glowing specimen of mingled improvidence and peculiousness in Alvin Joslin, who will work ten years like a slave in order to buy a ten thousand dollar diamond, and there is now walking about Union Square a loudly-dressed comedian with fifteen thousand dollars in his breast pocket, ready to dump the whole sum on some snide enterprise or put it on a scrapping match.

It is related of Yates, the actor, that he once met in a London street a person who had been kind to him when in the country, whom he invited to dinner, but whose name he could not recollect. The servant was told to ask for it when the guest arrived at the door; but he walked in unannounced, and all that could be got out of him, by every device, in the course of the evening, was the information that he was living in "the old house, near the cathedral." King, the actor, when similarly circumstanced, hit upon the plan of asking his old friend how he spelled his name. But the ruse completely failed. "Oh, with two 'p's!'" was the answer; and King remained as wise, and as ignorant, as ever.

Sir Charles Young's son, Sir William Young, and his wife, were to have been with the Rosina Vokes company next season, but are prevented by the sickness of Lady Young. Sir Charles was the author of Jim the Penman.

Mother of Young and Pretty Actress—Why, my dear, what is the matter?

Pretty Actress—Oh! the awfulest thing has happened. I'm afraid Mrs. De Stage, the star, will discharge me.

"Mercy! Did you forget your lines?"

"Worse. I was applauded six times."

"One night Fechter, Sothern, myself, and Buckstone," Mr. Toole writes, "were leaving the Haymarket Theater some time after the performance was over, when suddenly Buckstone discovered a bill sticker posting an election placard right upon the front of that house of comedy. 'How dare you, sir,' he said, in his peculiar guttural and jerky manner; 'how dare you post bills upon my theater?' The man paid no attention, but went on lathering the placard, which he put up with an air of quiet defiance. 'You miserable bill-sticker,' said Buckstone, his mannerism coming out very pointedly with his temper, 'if you don't desist, you scoundrel, I'll have you locked up!' Whereupon the man, quietly making a closing dab at the poster, said: 'I'll have you locked up, you impostor, if you don't mind, for givin' such a bad imitation of Buckstone—could do it better myself!'"

Minnie Palmer made her first stage appearance at the Park Theater, Brooklyn, in September, 1876, when 11 years old. She played a juvenile part in A. R. Cazauran's play, Kisses.

The dramatic season in Philadelphia, which has just closed, has been unusually profitable and was notable for two extremes—the complete failure of cheap houses, and enormous receipts of such high-priced attractions as Anderson, Daly, Langtry, etc. Jacobs and Hickey have dissolved partnership. Jacobs takes the Lyceum and Hickey the Kensington. Both these houses will advance prices to 50, 75 and $1. The losses of this firm, both here and with various combinations they controlled, were such as to compel them to abandon the "cheap" field. Brotherton, who took the Continental off their hands, has already advanced prices and has done an excellent business. This leaves Forepaugh's as the only cheap house in town, but their prices were always above those of Jacobs and Hickey.

Etelka Gerster now lives secluded from the world in a castle situated on the summit of a mountain near the city of Bologna. There she passes her days in superintending the education of her children, in reading, and in needlework. Sometimes she writes to her friends long letters filled with reminiscences of the past and with mournful forebodings of the future. Her voice is said to have lost none of its brilliant qualities, but the precarious condition of her health prevents her from even thinking of ever appearing again in public.

Manager E. Abbey has secured Mary Anderson for a tour of America, to begin next December.

The *Theatre* says: It is quite evident, after all, that England is the home of burlesque. Here are no satirists to hold the shuttle of wit and the skeins of fancy. Subjects certainly lie untouched, but, as a novelist once remarked to me over a cracker: "There is one thing that prevents my becoming a genius, and what it is I can not for the life of me discover." The few burlesques that we have seen so repeatedly seem to have no successors at their decline. We have borne with Evangeline until we would cast the substance and the cooks into a gelatinous pudding. When I write satire it does not mean a berry-box of nutshells such as Mr. Rosenfeld would have us mistake for assorted kernels. The modern librettist will do well in serving us with a few truffles and fewer sillabubs. Unable he is not to flee from the diatribes which of late he has imposed on us. The comic laureate that will keep us on a par with the English stage at least is a man whose name shall not be "writ in water." Our humorists are of undoubted superiority to the explicit jesters of *Punch* and provincial weeklies. Did the inexhaustible Punchinelloes of *Puck* and *Judge* devote their talents to the comic stage, we would outdo in raillery if not in number.

Adelina Patti expressly stipulates that the letters of her name on the bills shall be at least one-third longer than those of the other artists. Etelka Gerster waxes furious. Minnie Hauck goes into hysterics. Besides Etelka and Adelina hate each other as cordially as only *prime donne* can do. Adelina has declared once for all that she will not sing in an opera for which Etelka is cast; and Etelka refuses to enter a train by which Madame Patti has booked. The latter is pleased by the latter for her spite, is worse than jealousy. She is afraid of her; she is convinced that Etelka has an evil eye. One evening Adelina stole into Madame Gerster's bedroom in order to break the spell; for if you stretch out unperceived the first and fourth finger toward the *mal' occhio* you thereby render it harmless. Unfortunately, while groping in the dark she prodded with her pointed fingers her rival's husband, who was taking off his boots prior to retiring to rest. Of course there was a scene. In the exuberance of his delight the governor of Missouri, an old general on half-pay, gave the "diva" a kiss. The incident created immense sensation. Interviewers thronged round Patti to inquire what she had to say about it. *Bouta di Dio*, what should she say! He was such a nice old gentleman, and a governor into the bargain! Besides, the thing happened as quick as lightning. Was she to have returned the kiss? From Madame Patti the interviewers hastened to Madame Gerster to hear her opinion of the matter. "Why, forsooth," she replied, "a gentleman kisses a lady old enough to be his mother; where's the harm!"

A Stocking Yarn.

Two Western men happened to meet one day, and from stories which they expected people to believe about the number of bushels of wheat and corn which their land produced to the acre, they gradually passed to some which they doubtless expected their hearers to receive with a grain of allowance.

"I tell you what!" said the man from Dakota, "a Norwegian woman went out raking and binding one summer, and dropped half a dozen darning needles. And what do you think? The next year there was a large crop of knitting needles came up all over that part of the field!"

"Oh, I can believe that," said the man from Washington territory, "but it is nothing to the richness of the land out in our country. Why, a year ago last summer a German woman dropped some darning needles in a field out there, and last summer the field was growing thick with a crop of—guess what."

"Give it up."

"Nice hand-knit woolen stockings, all ready to put on."

She Was Not Ambitious.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the President or Vice-President of this Society?"

"I want to be neither President nor Vice-President," she answered; "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?"

"Treasurer."

National Pride.

Near the entrance to the Paris Exhibition a beggar, covered with rags, solicits alms from the passers-by in broken French, with a decidedly Spanish accent. A gentleman gave him two sous, and then added another twenty, saying: "You can earn this trifle, my friend, if you will take this letter."

"What do you mean, sir?" was the Spaniard's haughty rejoinder. "A hidalgo may be, but he doesn't work."

That One Year.

That year? Yes, doubtless I remember still—
Though why take count of every wind that blows!
'Tw a plain, men said, that Fortune used me ill
That year—the self-same year I met with Rose.

Crops failed; wealth took a flight; house, treasure, land,
Slipped from my hold—thus Plenty comes and goes.
One friend I had, but he too loosed his hand
(Or was it I?) the year I met with Rose.

There was a war, methinks; some rumor, too,
Of famine, pestilence, fire, deluge, snows;
Things went awry. My rivals, straight in view
Throve, spite of all; but I—I met with Rose!

That year my white-faced Alma pined and died;
Some trouble vexed her quiet heart—who knows?
Not I, who scarcely missed her from my side,
Or aught else gone, the year I met with Rose.

Was there no more? Yes, that year life began;
All life before a dream, false joys, light woes—
All after-life compressed within the span
Of that one year—the year I met with Rose!

A Billiard Lesson.

'Twas pleasant on the winter nights
To see beneath the shaded lights
Her classic head bent low;
To watch her snowy fingers make
A tiny "bridge," and count each "break,"
Of this heart-breaking foe.

And though she said it was a sin
To beat her, I could always win
To bear such pretty blame;
While 'mid the vinning stroke I made,
It seemed to me as if I play'd—
A very losing game.

There's *kudos* in the rattling strokes
You make amid a fire of jokes
From chaffing fellow men;
But should a beauty turn away
And pout at your superior play
You've other feelings then.

No "hazard" that my cunning cue,
With all my greatest care, could do,
Or lucky "fluke" might get,
Could ever equal that I ran
In playing—miserable man!—
With such a flirting pet.

And though I lost such heaps of gloves
In betting with her, when one loves
Such losing bets are blest;
And since she teased me night and day,
I only had at billiard play
The chances of a "rest"

The "cannon" on the table green
Will to a Canon come I ween,
Who'll 've me to a wife;
And she with backers not a few,
Will quietly put on the "screw,"
And "pocket" me for life.

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming,
In the throngs that hurries by.
From the sleeper's thought's endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands so skilful,
And the child mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

It's English, You Know.

An old couple living in Gloucester,
Had a beautiful girl, but they loucester;
She fell from a yacht,
And never the yacht
Could be found where the cold waves had toucester.

An old lady living in Worcester,
Had a gift of a handsome young porcester;
But the way that it crough,
As 'twould never get through,
Was more than the lady was norcester.

At the bar, in the old inn at Leicester,
Was a beautiful barmaid named Heicester;
She gave to each guest
Only what was the best,
And they all, with one accord, bleicester.

Love the Conqueror.

Oh, love, if life should end to-night,
How short our life would seem;
One little flash of summer light,
One brief and passionate dream;
One glimpse of roses on the wall,
Or bluebells in the lane;
Then, love, the end, the end of all—
Ay, buds might swell and leaves might fall,
But not for us again!

The stream we used to watch and love
Would ever onward flow;
From the dark pines the gray wood dove
Would call—we should not know;
Ah, not for us the pines would wave,
For us no stream would run;
We should be silent in the grave,
Unable even to hoard and save
One little glimpse of sun.

Yet is not this a sombre view
Of life and all it brings?
Thank Heaven the bright waves still are blue,
And still the throstle sings!
And oh, before love's conquering song
Death's voice sinks quite away;
For life is short, but love is long,
And death is fierce, but love is strong,
And love shall win the day!

Noted People.

Mrs. Deland is engaged on a new novel, which will be published next year. It will be called Sidney Page, and has a religious motive, though it does not deal directly with theology.

It is gossiped that Mrs. Langtry is the happy mamma of a seventeen-year-old daughter, a twelve-year-old son and a niece only five years' old, which resembles her aunt in facial beauty.

Mrs. Atherton's friends are spreading a report that the Prince of Wales has fallen in love with her. This is rather rough on the Prince, who, as a matter of fact, has never set eyes on the darling little woman who writes such horrible books. It is in shocking taste, however, for a woman to advertise herself in this way, and it is surprising that Mrs. Atherton, even with all her disregard of the *convenances*, should permit such a ridiculous story to be circulated.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, while she has disposed of two of her periodicals to the Judge Publishing Company has half a dozen left and still claims to be the largest publisher of illustrated journals in America. Among the works she retains is the *Popular Monthly*, which, considering its large circulation, is well entitled to its name. Mrs Leslie now occupies part of the palatial building at Fifth avenue and Sixteenth street, just erected by the Judge Publishing Company, and her mammoth presses are going night and day. Still Mrs. Leslie finds time for recreation; she will spend part of the summer in Europe.

Literary gossips have it that the now well-known Alice of Mr. Lewis Carroll's charming tales—Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass—is a Miss Alice Hargraves, a daughter of the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and that the soft brown eyes mentioned in the dedication are a touch from life. It is hard to realize that there should be any basis of fact or personality to those delightful, whimsical, dream-like romances in which caterpillars pose as moral philosophers and a sheep's head is stored with the results of a human lifetime's experience. The dream-child Alice is now, of course, a young lady, and the brown eyes still convey the impression of soft, velvety texture.

There is an end of the projected marriage of the Czarewitch to the Princess Alix of Hesse. The emperor never regarded the match with much favor, well knowing that no German alliance would be popular among any class in Russia, and being himself anxious that his eldest son should marry a member of the orthodox church. The empress would have liked the Czarewitch to marry one of the daughters of the Prince of Wales; but this is impossible, as the laws of the Greek Church absolutely forbid the marriage of first cousins. The result is that the Czarewitch will shortly be betrothed to the Princess Helene of Montenegro, the fourth daughter of Prince Nicholas, who was born in January, 1873, and is strikingly handsome, very clever and highly accomplished.

Somebody asked Susan B. Anthony at a reception given to the veteran woman suffrage leader some days ago if it did not fatigue her to stand so long and shake so many hands. "Yes, it does tire me," came the quick answer, "but not half so much as it did twenty years ago to stand all alone with no hand to shake at all." Miss Anthony is nearly seventy, but her figure is straighter than that of many a girl of seventeen. Her eyes are bright and her rather thin face expresses acuteness and kindly intelligence. Her hair is quite heavy still and softly gray. She wears it combed down over the tips of her ears in the manner of a quarter of a century ago. She dresses quietly but richly in dark silk, with fine lace for garniture. She has one feminine weakness, a horror of going out in the rain.

Wallace Putnam Reed of the Atlanta *Constitution*, enjoys the reputation of being one of the most brilliant and versatile short story and sketch writers in the country. He is about thirty-nine years of age, sandy haired, blue eyes, a six-footer and married. His literary industry and accomplishments are marvelous. Besides his short-story and book-making work, he is an editorial writer on the *Constitution*. His last published work is The History of Atlanta. This book is said to be a model of what a town history should be. The inside history of the siege of Atlanta is told for the first time, the author being both spectator and participant. Atlanta is proud of the book, and a southern reviewer says of Mr. Reed and his work: "Few towns and fewer events in this country are fortunate enough to claim so delightful a chronicler."

First and by long odds foremost among American women in England is Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, writes a London correspondent. Her success has been instantaneous and is the more remarkable because it has been won in spite of the unpopularity of her husband. Political feeling runs high in London society sometimes, and Mr. Chamberlain catches some of it from both sides. Mrs. Chamberlain has learned already to obviate much of this by her tact, her charming manners, and her shrewd skill in keeping on non-committal grounds. She is sought everywhere nowadays. No column of society gossip is complete without reference to her. London photographers beseech her in vain to "sit." Her husband won't allow her pictures to be published. All the drawings made of her here are from photographs taken in America, when she was Miss Endicott.

Speaking of his father's physical recreations, Mr. Herbert Gladstone says: "He used to be chiefly fond of rowing, riding and shooting, but during the last twenty or twenty-five years he has had to give up those forms of exercise, and, as is well known, to confine himself mainly to cutting down trees, which he does habitually. He also was a great walker, and not more than fifteen years ago he walked thirty-five miles over the hills in Scotland. In my opinion he is still good for a twenty-mile tramp. He always attached the greatest importance to physical recreations, and he lost no opportunity of encouraging us in them. He has proved their benefits, and I think is not a bad specimen of their value. But it was only in manly sports and games, in rational recreations, that he stimulated and led us. What did he do as regards myself? He sent me to Eton, and every one must be pretty well satisfied that a lad at Eton would get enough physical recreation."

To the Woods.

"In leafy June."

NEVER, surely, girls, was prettier or more accurate description than that which Bryant, I think, applies to this lovely month. Many as are its beauties the fulness and perfection of its leafage,

"Still in its newest glow"

is its most distinguishing charm.

May is peculiarly the month of flowers—the very trees are flowers—bedecked then; but in June even the sluggard oak and lagging locust have donned their green kirtles, and the forest is a completed symphony in green.

Let us rest here a little by the wayside and feast our eyes on the wonderful shading all along that belt of woods, from the vivid hue of grass at its feet to the deep dark green—that almost looks like black against the blue of sky—of that giant white pine that rears its lonely head so far above its fellows, looking like the tower of some great old cathedral.

We may make it a reverent bow, girls; for it is one of the ancient race, and, probably, was standing here—though looking down on a far different scene—when a certain Italian mariner, after his long sail across the unknown seas, compassless and with no guide save the sublime faith of genius, saw the morning mists rolled back from the shores of a new found world.

These trees that surround it now are of another generation; are but what the lumberman so contemptuously calls "second growth." Nay, more, they are most of them not even of his kin, for it is one of the wise provisions in the economy of nature, that one order of trees shall succeed another; and so when the pine needles give to the soil on which they die all they have garnered through centuries from earth and air and sun, beech, oak and maple, and their congenors come to live upon the wealth amassed by these hardy pioneers.

Oh! girls, what a lovely sight it is where all are green and all are beautiful,

"Though each has its hue peculiar,"

and the dull grayish tints of the scrub pine, and the deep bronze-like greens of the spruces, bring out more vividly all the exquisitely blended, subtle differences in the foliage of the other trees.

Look at the tender yellowish green of that quivering birch there with the snow white stem. There does not seem a breath of wind stirring, and, yet, all its slender pointed leaves are a-tremble, catching and throwing back again little flashes and arrows of light that lend it a glory peculiarly its own.

CATKIN OF THE BIRCH

How pretty it was a month ago when its tiny leaves were but half grown and it was all hung with a swaying fringe of long light green catkins.

And do you remember the oaks then, how they stood bare and desolate without a sign of life, long after all the other trees, except the locust, were "in verdure clad," and how suddenly one morning there seemed to have come about them some change, some indescribable almost indistinguishable haze, and going near one saw that every slenderest twig was hung with drooping clusters of perfectly formed and opal-tinted leaves. Looking now at its massy foliage, so densely, deeply green, one can scarcely fancy those are the same leaves that a few weeks ago were the tiny creamy-colored strings so exquisitely tinged with palest pinks and greens.

Do you know, the first tree after the pines and spruces, that I learned to recognize was the beech? And that because of the aptly befitting term which Goldsmith applies to it. You see that tree—the one whose leafage has a somewhat bluer shade than any near it—to the right, where that little hawthorn darts out its stiff, flat branches, all snowy white with blossom? Yes, that one. Does not the gentle-hearted Oliver well describe it when he calls it the "spreading beech?" See how it reaches out, almost horizontally, its great wide-stretching arms; even its oval-shaped leaves do not hang like those of oak or maple, or point upwards, or twinkle like those of birch or poplar; but motionless and flat they lie outspread on the supporting air.

I wonder why Spencer wrote:

"The maple seldom inward sound."

They may be so in England, but I fancy our Canadian tree must have a stouter heart, else how could it bear up against the drain from so many wounds through so many years. Those are not sugar maples over there, however, but only an inferior tree which never rises to a great height, and is called the mountain maple. If we were near enough we would probably see its pretty bright flowers, for its blossoms come long after its leaves.

It was Spencer, too, was it not, who calls that beautiful great tree

"The vine supporting elm."

I don't think our vines are especially given to selecting its tall, branchless column as a prop. Perhaps the idea was suggested to the poet by the little leafy bunches of twigs that grow the whole way up its trunk from its roots to where the first great drooping branches launch out into the upper air fifty or sixty feet above. Don't you think they are quite the most graceful and picturesque of all our forest trees?

Cannot we go through the woods and learn to know the trees by leaf and bark? Why, dear, that would take many and many an hour, and now the sun is near its setting and we must be homeward bound.

Suppose next week, that we bring our luncheon baskets and a tiny coffee-pot, and make a day of it. Now we have scarce time to gather the lovely lilac-tinted cranesbill. You know they are our native or wood geranium. How pretty they look growing everywhere, it seems, in shadow or shine. The old settlers used to call it alum-plant, because pieces of its roots are so good for stenching wounds or used as a gargle, for healing ulcerated throats.

CRANESBILL

Home again, girls; and so, adieu! What a pretty word that is—a legacy from those old times when friends at parting would command each other to God's tender care.

DONNA BIANCA.

Those Eyes.

Shall I trv it? Is it wise?
I am tempted to do it,
Just a kiss by surprise,
In what light would she view it?

If her temper should rise
I should certainly rue it.
Shall I try? Is it wise?
I am tempted to do it.

Ah! those mischievous eyes!
One would think that they knew it,
All my doubt—now she sighs.
Little rogue! I see through it!
Shall I try? Is it wise?
I am tempted to do it!

Carrying the War into Africa.

Twenty literary women of London have demonstrated that they can have a good time like men. They gave a dinner at the Criterion restaurant in that city for the purpose only of asserting their right to have a small spree in the purely masculine way. They allowed no men to be present but the waiters. They had coffee, brandy and cigarettes; and Mrs. Mona Caird was in the chair, and they told funny stories when the waiters were sent out, most of which stories were at the expense of the other sex, and they sat at the table until late in the morning, when they came away, singing Razzle-Dazzle and We Won't Go Home Till Morning. The result of this experiment has been a complete triumph. That is to say, woman has demonstrated that, in these matters, she can successfully imitate her coarser brother, and she appears to take a great deal of unnecessary pride in her success. Mrs. Caird has already made herself conspicuous by her attitude in regard to marriage, she being the author of the over-estimated article entitled, Is Marriage a Failure? in which article she came to no other conclusion except that Mrs. Caird could say a great many indefinite and sarcastic things about that institution. I suppose that she could have taken no better method to make marriage a failure than to get her women friends together and go through just such a performance as this which was given at the Criterion. My own impression is that men, as a class, are not desirous of marrying women who are experts in having a good time. The natural tendency of the masculine fool is to regard women as better, finer and nobler than himself; and, whenever she insists on proving that she is just as careless or as reckless or as ungovernable in her tastes and appetites as he is, he refuses to bring the marriage question to the front, and slinks out of the controversy.—*N. Y. Truth.*

The Value of Watch Dogs.

Tramp—Say, madam, I found your bull-dog down by the gate. Is there any reward.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

He Could Talk.

"It is very embarrassing, isn't it, Jennie," said a young lady to her friend, "when you are alone with your beau for the first time? When William escorted me home last night, we were so bashful that we could hardly find a word to say to each other."

"Indeed? I haven't found it so."

"You haven't?"

"Not at all. My beau talks all the time and doesn't give me the least chance to feel embarrassed."

"He is a good talker then."

"Well, I should smile."

"What does he do?"

"He's a barber."

Why He Was Late.

"Dennis," said a gentleman to his janitor, "you are late this morning. What is the trouble?"

"I wor obliged to go to court this mornin' where they wor investigating a little occurrence that happened last night."

"Well, did they find anything?"

"Yes, they fined me."

The Political Children of Israel.

Johnnie's father is a Republican, and he is better posted on politics than he is on Sunday schools, though he goes to Sunday school. Last Sunday the teacher came around to him.

"How long were the children of Israel in the desert?" she asked.

"Four years," he answered promptly.

"Four years?" repeated the teacher in inquiring surprise.

"Yes'm, four years; from 1885 to 1889."—*Washington Critic.*

The Result of Oversleeping.

At a station of the Santa Fe, not a thousand miles out of Wichita, the agent overslept himself one morning recently, and as the 3 30 a. m. mail and express came thundering in, he sprang from his couch, grabbed his pantaloons in one hand and the mail bag in the other and started for the platform. He was only half awake; the conductor shouted "All aboard," and so out he bounced just as the train pulled out, threw the trousers in at the mail car door and then stood there in the pale, silvery moonlight, with a dreamy expression on his face, and tried to get into the mail bag.

The Fashion.

Clara—I'm so afraid dear, the Duke, your father, won't consent to our marriage.
Lord Longbranch—Oh, he's all right. He gave his consent in the other cases, and they were only English girls.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

A Pizenous Man.

One day an old fellow from the Cedar Bluff neighborhood came into the office of the Frankfin (Kentucky) *Patriot* and said that he wanted to see the editor on mighty important business.

"I am the editor," said a man stepping forward.

"My name is Allbright," the visitor remarked, "Luke P. Allbright."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Allbright. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I sent here the other day and had some funeral tickets struck off fur my wife."

"I hope the job suited you, sir."

"Well, yes, the job was all right, but it turned out that my wife wa'n't dead."

"Ah!"

"Yes, ah! I had dun paid for the tickets and was about to send them out when the old lady come to. So you see I ain't got no use for the tickets."

"Of course not."

"And I 'lowed that I mout get you to take 'em back."

"Why, my dear sir, I can't do that."

"Well, but you see they ain't no use to me. Wouldn't like to send out a lot of funeral tickets for my wife when she's in fa'r health with an average appetite. It wouldn't look exactly right, you know."

"That's all very well, but I don't want them."

"Wall send me yo' paper one year fur them, anyway."

"No, sir, I won't do that."

"Wall, then, say six months."

"No, I won't — won't send it to you ten minutes."

"Now here, mister, I'm out a dollar and forty cents on you. I tell you what, take me to dinner with you and we'll call it square."

"It's square already so far as I am concerned."

"I have seed a good many men, Mister Editor, but you air the most pizenous fellow I ever struck. Good-day. Ef I ever ketch you out in my neighborhood I'll waller you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Delicate Way of Putting It.

"What makes you so thoughtful to-night, George?" asked Nellie.

"Well," said George, as he threw his eyes up to the ceiling and took a fresh hold on her slender waist, "I was thinking that if your mother was willing to become my mother-in-law I would like it very much."

"You would?"

"I would indeed."

"Then if it will afford you any satisfaction I can inform you that I am quite willing that she should and that she is also quite willing to act in that capacity in a quiet and unostentatious manner."

And thus under the silent stars the arrangements were concluded by which two lives hitherto running apart are to be blended into one, and a youth hitherto his own master is to stoop under the yoke of a mother-in law.

The Judge and a Humorist.

The morning was very hot when the Judge entered the court room and took a seat upon the bench. There was only one prisoner present, a common drunkard, well known to the Judge. Turning to the clerk after taking his seat, the Judge, while wiping the perspiration from his brow, asked:

"Is this not all this morning?"

"Yes, Your Honor," answered the clerk, "this not is all."

"Well, Judge," said the prisoner as he fanned himself with his dilapidated hat, "ain't this not enough for you this morning?"

The Judge immediately sentenced the wretch to thirty days, adding, "Such a pun as that deserves six months."

Westerner—Yes, sir, I believe it is absolutely impossible to reform a horse-thief.

Easterner—Nothing easier. Make a sailor of him.

Sundry Jokes.

At the examination in physics—"Which is the best known insulator?"

"Poverty."

The first impulse of a boy with a new watch is to assure himself that none of its 175 parts are missing.

Black—So Brown is dead?
White—Yes, he has gone.
B.—How much did he leave!
W.—Everything. Didn't take a cent with him.

Miss Elite (rushing in)—Oh, ma, Clara Tiptop has eloped.

Mrs. Elite (fervently)—Thank heaven! Now we won't have to send her a wedding present.

Housekeeper—I regret to say, sir, that your son and the cook have eloped.

Rich old party—Thunderation! Then we shan't have any dinner!

The physician who asserts that disease may be spread by kissing evidently refers to a complaint known as palpitation of the heart. Let her spread.

Sweetness too much condensed.—George (nervously)—Do you love me? Will you marry me?

Almira—Not so fast, George. One at a time, please.

Minister (dining with the family)—So your papa lets you have a second piece of pie sometimes, Bobby? I'm afraid he is very indulgent.

Bobby—Yes, sir. Ma says he indulges altogether too much; but I don't think so.

Judge (to officer)—Are you sure, sir, that the prisoner was drunk?

Officer—Is it dhrunk, yer honor! Shure af he wd schpoke through the tilphone the brith av 'im wd av made the poles shaggger.

A boy who won't take as big a bite as he can from another boy's apple is disguising his real feelings and should be narrowly watched, lest he might make a sudden grab and run off with the whole.

Louise—Does your father approve of your engagement?

Lily—Oh, yes; papa thinks George real smart. In fact, he pinched papa in a wheat deal last week.

Magistrate (sternly, to tramp)—The address you give as your place of residence is a vacant plot of land.

Tramp—Yes, yer worship; that's where I sleep most nights.

Bertha—Poor Bessie has just received the hardest blow a girl could get.

Blanche—What's that pray?

Bertha—Her younger sister has an offer of marriage!

"What are you crying for, Billy?"

"I went and bought a cigar, and was smoking it, and then papa came and——"

"Thrashed you, eh!"

"N—n—no; he said to smoke it till it was done."

Newsvender—I haven't any change; you can pay me to-morrow.

Customer—But suppose I should be killed today?

Newsvender—Oh, it wouldn't be a very great loss!

One of the examination papers of a young miss in a city school contained the question: "Which zone produces the highest type of man?"

In unmistakable characters the answer read: "The temperance zone."

Sympathizing friend—Your rich old uncle, they tell me, did not leave you a cent. I thought he once entertained the idea of making you his heir.

Poor relation (bitterly)—Entertained the idea? He never had hospitality enough to entertain anything!

"So you have got a wife," said Jones to a newly-married man.

"Don't know—don't know," replied the man, with evident hesitation; "sometimes I think I've got her, and sometimes I think she's got me. You see, I've been married only a few months, and I can't tell just yet how the combination is going to turn out."

He Could Afford to Wait.

Policeman (3 a.m.)—Come, sir, you must move on. You've been standing here an hour.
Pompano (with dignity)—Know it—waitin' for carzh.
Policeman—No night cars on this line, sir.
Pompano (with increasing dignity)—Waitin' for day carzh; timesh nozzin to me.—*Life.*

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS REGEVED.

CHAPTER XII.

Lucille Maitland had never been in such good spirits in her life as she was at the dinner that night. She talked, she laughed, she smiled out of the gladness of her heart; there was a flush upon her beautiful face, and an unwonted glitter in her bright eyes.

In point of fact, she was literally wild with delight and exultation; for fate had at last given her enemy into her hands. Just as she was at her sorest need help had come to her; and at the very moment when danger had threatened her most darkly a way out of her difficulty had been opened to her.

Adrian, gazing at her down the table from the opposite side, was fain to acknowledge to himself that he had never seen her look so well.

"How beautiful she is to-night!" he thought with a heavy sigh. "What radiance! What brilliance! How terrible it is that so fair a form should not be the temple of a fairer soul! Once I thought that beauty like that must go hand-in-hand with goodness; but now, alas, I understand her better!" And then his eyes, by an irresistible impulse, sought a face less brilliantly beautiful, but far more sweetly attractive—a face that haunted him, in spite of all his honest endeavors, by day and by night.

Kathleen's profile was turned toward him. She was talking kindly and not a little laboriously to a young man—the son of a neighboring squire—who was neither handsome nor entertaining. He was painfully shy and absolutely uninteresting, and yet she was doing her best to please him and set him at his ease, with that rare and true gentility of soul which will not suffer a guest to feel himself neglected or overlooked. Adrian knew, as he watched her sweet kind smile and pretty eager manner, that the heart which prompted them was as true and good one to the very core. No such honest and simple cause, for certain, prompted the bright sallies and merry laughter of his own Lucille.

"What's up?" murmured Laurie Doyle, who sat next to his divinity, as he noted with astonishment the change in her mood since they had parted last.

"The very best of news!" she whispered back cautiously, without looking at him. "I have got my clue."

"Your clue!" What do you mean? Where?"

"In my pocket. Don't speak so loud—Adrian is looking!"

"What is it?"—in a lower voice.

"A letter—a packet. Heaven knows what it is—it is too thick for a letter! I'm going to fire it off after dinner. The game is in my own hands now!"

"For goodness' sake explain yourself!"

"I can't—I'll tell you later. Hush! Talk loud to the woman on the other side of you. I see aunt looking daggers at us; she is in a mortal fright lest I should compromise myself."

Now and again, for the very joy of it, Lucille slipped her hand into her pocket and grasped ecstatically the envelope which the man in fustian had given her in the conservatory. It did not feel like an ordinary letter—something thick and lumpy was inside. What on earth could it be?

She had determined not to deliver it to Kathleen until a fitting moment should arrive. Fortune certainly was playing into Miss Maitland's hands that evening; for it was not many hours before the occasion she sought presented itself.

It was the custom, now that so large a party was assembled in the house—for the last few days sixteen had sat down to dinner every night—to spend the greater part of the evening in the billiard-room. Soon after the gentlemen joined the ladies from the dining-room nearly the whole of the younger members of the party adjourned thither. Only Lord Elwyn, Lord and Lady De la Braille, Mrs. Bracey, and one or two other people preferred to remain in the tranquillity of the great drawing-room.

In the billiard-room all was merriment and informality. A game of pool was organized, in which all the ladies and most of the gentlemen joined. The men lit their cigars, most of them having effected a speedy change from gloomy dress-coats to gay smoking-jackets of varied and gorgeous colors; Lucille and the Misses De la Braille even went so far as to smoke cigarettes themselves—a practice which was absolutely odious in Adrian's eyes, and which he thankfully observed that Kathleen had no inclination to imitate, as she turned away with openly-expressed disgust from an open cigarette case laughingly handed to her by one of the younger men.

They were all standing grouped about the table; the game had only just begun; everybody's "life" was as yet safe. Kathleen, to whom all games and amusements came with the freshness of novelty and inexperience, was quite interested in the first few strokes, and keenly awaited her own turn to play. She was standing close to Colonel Elwyn, upon whose green ball her own pink one was destined to play. For the moment she had forgotten all the bewildering thoughts which the scene she had accidentally been a witness of before dinner had awakened in her. She had made up her mind that, deeply as she had resented Lucille's faithlessness on Sir Adrian's account, it was nevertheless impossible for her—Kathleen Elwyn—to open his eyes to the unworthiness of his betrothed. She wished he might become aware of her true nature; but she felt that she was the last person on earth who could direct his attention to it. Moreover, with her usual sweet and charitable nature, she had begun already to make excuses for her. Perhaps she really cared for this young man with the little dandy face and foppish manners—perhaps she was very unhappy, poor Lucille, and had yielded to a sudden and overwhelming temptation. And then Kathleen remembered how Sir Adrian had for one blessed and never-to-be-forgotten moment caught her to his heart and kissed her; and at the sweet recollection her cheeks burnt hotly, although it was now so long ago—so very long ago!

No; certainly Kathleen Elwyn was not the one who would betray another's weakness or publish another woman's misery! She had made up her mind long before she sat down to dinner that night that Lucille's secret, which she had so unfortunately discovered, should be perfectly safe with her, and that what she had seen should, if possible, be forgotten by her.

Kathleen leaned forward across the green table to make her first stroke. Her graceful figure, as she stretched her arm along her cue, showed to its fullest advantage.

"Strike the ball a little to the right, Miss Elwyn!" cried one.

"Not too hard!" cautioned another.

"Aim at the cushion just above the pocket!" recommended a third.

As for Colonel Elwyn, whose ball it was she was playing at, he entreated her lugubriously not to make an end of his wretched life before its time.

She was the object of general notice. Everybody crowded about her. Kathleen, as the fair young daughter of the house, would in any case have commanded a good deal of attention; but, in addition to her position as Lord Elwyn's only child and heiress, she had within her all the elements of great popularity—charming manners, good looks, a sweet-toned laugh, and one of the most unselfish dispositions in the world. Everybody thought her a great improvement on the cold, imperious Lucille, who for so many years had been the only girl at Clortell Towers, and everybody rejoiced in the genial change. All this, which was by no means unnoticed by her, deepened and intensified Miss Maitland's aversion and animosity.

Kathleen hit her ball sharply and pocketed the green ball triumphantly. A merry peal of laughter greeted her success. Colonel Elwyn, in mock woe, wrung his hands and bewailed her cruelty. She looked very pretty laughing at him and rejoicing over his discomfiture. Then she played her second stroke—and missed! There was a little pause in the game. At this precise moment Lucille stepped up to her.

"Kathleen," she said distinctly and markedly, "I have only now remembered that I have forgotten to give you an important message that I have for you."

"A message, Lucille? Is it from papa?"

Everybody was listening and waiting. Major De la Braille, whose play it was, was chalking his cue; the rest of the party were grouped around. Lucille saw that Adrian, leaning against the table on the further side, had his eyes fixed with an odd, yearning expression in them upon Lord Elwyn's radiant young daughter. Only Laurence Doyle, standing a little apart, looked away moodily and listened with averted eyes.

"Is it from papa?" inquired Kathleen.

"Oh, dear, no—from a much nearer and dearer friend than your father!"

"Indeed! I cannot conceive whom you mean!"

"I will not describe him. In fact"—with a sneer—"he would be indescribable! He said he was 'a great pal' of yours!"

Kathleen's eyes were wide open with surprise. Everybody was listening; even Colonel Elwyn had forgotten to take his green ball out of the pocket, and drew near in order to hear what Lucille was saying.

"Will you kindly tell me what you mean, and what the message was?" asked the girl very quietly. "I don't think it can be really for me—I know nobody whom I could call 'a great pal'."

"No? Ah, well, he called you his 'pal'!" laughed Lucille carelessly. "Here, my dear—it is a letter for you!"—and she drew an envelope from her pocket, and flung it down with something like defiance upon the billiard-table—a dirty envelope, hastily folded out of one side, creased at the other, and with black finger-smudges across it—an envelope that did not look as if an educated person had fastened it up, even if the scrawling direction: "To Miss K. Elwyn," had not betrayed it to be the writing of an illiterate individual.

Everybody looked at it curiously. Kathleen colored. No suspicion of the truth had entered her mind as yet—only a suspicion of unfair play; some trick was being played upon her—it was some trap to make her appear ridiculous. The publicity of the thing, the little veil of mystery in which Lucille had developed it, annoyed and disturbed her. She took up the envelope, and, murmuring a faint "Thank you," made as though she would have put it at once into her pocket.

"No, no!" cried Lucille. "You are to open it at once—before witnesses, I was told it was to be! Here we all are, ready to witness! Open it, Kathleen, or we shall think it contains something that you are ashamed of!"

"Oh, certainly!" she said coldly.

Everybody by this time was on tiptoe with curiosity. Kathleen tore open the envelope.

"What an absurd fuss about nothing!" she said a little impatiently, although them was an under-tremor of nervousness in her voice as well. "It looks to me very like a bill or a circular," she added, tossing out a torn half-sheet of paper and something wrapped up inside.

Only a withered flower, that crumbled almost into dust as it fell out of the paper—a faded dog-rose—nothing more! What was there then of hidden meaning in this small and harmless thing which made Lord Elwyn's lovely daughter turn pale as death? For one terrible moment her eyes closed, her white lips parted, the room seemed to reel and swim around her, she looked as if she was going to faint, then she staggered and caught at the table. The paper, slipping from her nerveless fingers, fluttered to the ground beside her, plainly written in large straggling characters like the handwriting of a child in a copy-book, was seen inscribed one word—which no one who glanced at it could help reading—the word "Remember!"

Out of the short silence of amazement and consternation that fell upon everyone Lucille's little sneering laugh arose with cruel intensity, and her contemptuous words seemed to cut like steel.

"And it seems she does 'remember' too well for her own peace of mind!" she said, looking, not at her victim, but at the bystanders.

But she had gone a step too far. Seeing her stand there flushed and triumphant, opposite the trembling girl who had caught at the table to prevent herself from falling, and who now leaned pale as death against it with a slow terror in her wide-open eyes, as of one who had received some dreadful shock, it was impossible not to feel indignation against the one and compassion towards the other.

Whatever Kathleen Elwyn might have done—and it was difficult to conceive that her extraordinary agitation did not point to some shameful secret—it was evident that it had been Lucille's deliberate plan to have her concealment away and expose her publicly to humiliation and disgrace. A reaction set in in the mind of every one who was present; a murmur arose.

"What a shame!" cried one. "Miss Elwyn is ill!" said another.

Colonel Elwyn came forward with a very grave and perturbed face, and offered his arm to his young cousin.

"Allow me to take you to a chair," he said, with cold politeness, although he was horribly upset at what had taken place.

The young man to whom she had been so kind at dinner-time had flown into the next room to fetch her a glass of wine; one of the ladies pressed her salts-bottle into her hand. The game of pool would evidently not be continued. Lucille sauntered away to the fireplace, and Mr. Doyle came and stood by her.

"I did that well, didn't I, Laurie?"

"Almost too well, Lucille! You were rather rough on her, poor girl! Who was the man who gave it to you?"

"A young swell from a common man! There must have been some low intrigue between them. One can see that by her face, can's one? Adrian"—calling out to her over across the room—"come here—I want you!"

Sir Adrian cast one glance of repulsion towards her. He was standing just at the spot where he had been when Kathleen had opened the fatal envelope. He looked like a man who had received bad news; he had not uttered a word, but his face was pale and drawn. Now he slowly went round the billiard table, stooped and picked up the fallen paper from the ground and the fragments of the withered flower that had dropped upon the table and wrapped them up together. Something that was almost a shudder came over him as he touched these inanimate things—these evidences of an unknown trouble—whatever she had done. Ah, Heaven, what had she done? he asked himself, with a groan. But, whatever it was, he must shield her—in common humanity he must stand between her and her foes.

She was just getting up from the arm chair to which Colonel Elwyn had assisted her. She had eagerly swallowed the wine, and it had somewhat revived her—a little color had come back into her face.

"Thank you—I am better now," Adrian heard her say. "I felt faint. I don't know what it was—the heat of the room, I think. If you will all kindly excuse me, I think I will go and lie down for a little while."

She made her way out of the room, Colonel Elwyn, with polite gravity, holding the door open for her. She passed quite close to Sir Adrian Darley; but she kept her face averted from him as she went by—he was the one person in the room whom it was absolutely impossible that she should look at.

"What do you think of your paragon now!" said Lucille's sneering voice, close beside him, as the door closed upon Kathleen's departing figure. "And when I tell you that that refined and high toned love-letter was given me by a common rough man in a fustian suit, and he mentioned to me at the same time that he will 'Kathie,' as he called her, had been 'more than friends,' I leave you to judge of the sort of character your favorite bears."

"Good Heaven, it is impossible!" he groaned; and then, turning upon her with an outburst of anger—"But you—why have you played this wicked and cruel part towards her? What had she done to you, Lucille, that you must needs make such a public scandal of it? Why could you not have given it to her when she was alone?"

"My dear Adrian, pray do not go into heroics! If you will only throw aside prejudice and look at the thing calmly, you will see that I was right. All along I have known that this girl has no rightful place amongst us; there are doubts about her antecedents—there have doubts about her mother. My aunt has been perfectly aware of it from the first; she even fancies that the persons who were supposed to have brought up Lord Elwyn's infant child substituted one of their own brats in its place, and, if my uncle had not been so determined to find an heiress, he would have been less easily taken in by them. My dear Adrian, 'What is bred in the bone comes out in the blood.' Kathleen is, without doubt, the low-born girl, and it is a crying injustice that she should have been brought amongst us as if she were one of ourselves. It is evident that her friends amongst these farmer-people will not bear inquiring into, and it is just as well that the truth should be known and recognized. Depend upon it, my dear boy, it is better to have to do with women about whose parentage there is no shadow of doubt or mystery, and whose own lives from their cradle upward have been always carefully watched and guarded from every appearance of evil."

Adrian had no answer to make to this highly correct and moral speech; his own faith and belief in Kathleen had received a rude and cruel shock; he had seen with his own eyes the agitation and the terror which it seemed to him that guilt alone could inspire. If she were less guilty than she appeared, she was in any case involved in some ignoble mystery.

There was another person whose disturbance of mind, although less deep, was scarcely less real than that of Sir Adrian Darley. Young Alfred Elwyn had made up his mind to marry his young cousin. She was young and charming; she was a brave and plucky girl, with bright and agreeable companion; in addition, and above all this, she was her father's heiress; and, when the time came to him, as in due time it must, it would be extremely convenient and convenient if at the same time the income to keep up his position and the large place that went with it should also come to him in the person of his bride.

He had been taken with the notion and with the girl herself three years back; but, the three years had passed and Kathleen, meanwhile, having been perfected and improved by education and experience, he was more eager for the alliance than ever. He had already plotted himself to Lady Elwyn, who had stood his friend from the first, and he had intended to ask Kathleen's father formally for her hand on the very next day, and for leave to make her an offer of marriage. Now he was plunged in doubt and perplexity; he did not at all like the scene which had taken place, or the inference to be drawn from Kathleen's agitation. He had been a very bad man himself, and the little blotches of his past life were without number, and all of them decidedly unfit for ears polite. Still all this did not prevent his being ready to be the strictest of husbands and the severest of moralists with regard to his wife. If Alfred Elwyn was not at all likely to make a husband in any sense of the word; but he was quite determined that, if he did Kathleen the honor of marrying her, she would be to him a pattern wife; hence his extreme disturbance of mind with respect to what had taken place.

He went straight out of the billiard-room and sought Lady Elwyn in the drawing-room, and drawing her aside from her guests, proceeded to inform her of what had happened, and of his own annoyance and distress. Lady Elwyn, who for once was not in her niece's confidence, was serious and disturbed; she endeavored to soothe the agitated Colonel.

"Lucille is so headstrong and inconsiderate—she acts so often on impulse! You must let me talk to dear Kathleen, Alfred; she will confide all to me, I feel sure. I am of course like a mother to her. Do not distress yourself; I am sure that we shall find it is all a mistake."

"Still I could not marry a girl who has mysterious letters and dead flowers sent to her who faints on receiving them," persisted the Colonel, who could be very obstinate when he chose.

"I will inquire into it; I am sure it is nothing. Kathleen is as innocent as a child; it is some insignificant quarrel between the girls. There is, you know, a little rivalry between them."

The colonel knew that Lucille was imperious and spiteful; but he remained perplexed concerning the insignificance of the scene which had taken place in the billiard-room. Nevertheless, because she was a clever woman, and because she did her utmost to please him, he did manage to console him somewhat; and, as his heart was in no way touched—only his pride and vanity—he consented to let Kathleen stand over till the morrow, and to be guided by Lady Elwyn's investigations in the matter.

Meanwhile there was no room in the house where Kathleen had been able to conceal her shame or struggle with the suffocation which was absolutely physical and which oppressed her almost to madness. Bare-headed and bare-necked as she was in her evening dress, she had rushed out on to the terrace.

It was a clear beautiful night; the moonlight flooded the still frosty air with a radiance that was almost as brilliant as that of day. Regardless of the keen air, of the solitude, Kathleen walked rapidly up and down in her utter misery, ringing her hands together in absolute anguish. In the eyes of everybody she had been disgraced and put to shame, and, above all, it had been in the eyes of the man she loved, and to whom she could never explain what had happened. This was the worst, for she was too innocent at heart to guess the depth to which she had probably sunk in his estimation. What was more terrible was that the token which she herself had given long before, the sign by which she was to be claimed, had come back to her at last. She had believed that it was all over and forgotten—that the memory of old was to end in nothing—that it belonged to a past existence with which the present Kathleen Elwyn had nothing to do. And, lo, it had sprung into a terrible reality—a living thing that could not be evaded or put aside any longer! In a few months she would be twenty-one, and Tom Darley would claim her; and to-day he had sent the pledge of her promise to her to remind her of what was her fate. She understood all too well what was the meaning of that withered rose, and of the word of warning which he had sent with it; it seemed to her like a death warrant.

It was strange perhaps that Kathleen, who was now so much older and wiser than when she had given her foolish promise to a man whom she had never loved, should not have believed herself to be capable of breaking that promise and of appealing to her father for protection. She knew of course that she could do so in case of need; but she also knew that Darley's nature was bitterly revengeful, and she feared to draw down his revenge upon the head of the man she loved. That word "Remember" held a sinister meaning to her. When Sir Adrian had married and gone away, then perhaps she might dare to defy the anger of the man who pretended to claim her; but for the present she was in his power.

It seemed to the poor child that absolute misery awaited her whichever way she turned. Either she must keep her old promise and leave her father's house in disgrace, bidding good-bye for ever to her new life and its luxuries and pleasures, and returning to the lowliness of her former station in the companionship of a man whom she feared, and whose surroundings and manners had become distasteful to her, or else she must break her promise and tell him so, and run the risk of the anger and jealousy which she would inevitably arouse in him.

She did not dare to turn for help to anybody—her secret was of too serious a nature; and, save Sir Adrian, she had no friend in whom she could confide; and to him—she was to be Lucille's husband so shortly—she felt it impossible to turn.

"What am I to do? What am I to do?" she repeated in her misery, as she walked up and down in the cold moonlight, her silken draperies trailing across the flagged stones of the terrace, and the cold night-air striking upon her unprotected head and bosom.

And then suddenly, from a deep shadowy angle of the house, a man stepped forth into the moonlight and stood before her.

"So you've come to speak to me at last, Kathie? Well, I'm glad you've not quite forgotten!"

Lord Elwyn's daughter stood face to face with Tom Darley.

(To be Continued.)

A Dangerous Experiment.

Miss Antique (school-teacher)—What does w-h i-t-e spell?

Class (no answer).

Miss Antique—What is the color of my skin.

Class (in chorus)—Yellow.

A Critical Condition.

"I hear your husband is ill, Mrs. Jones!"

"Yes 'um."

"Nothing serious, I hope. His condition is not critical?"

"Critical? I should say he were. He ain't satisfied with nothin', he ain't!"

Little Lord Fauntleroy As He Is.

Mother—Well, Willie, your schoolmaster is dead, and the school is closed until after the funeral.

Willie (convalescent)—Mamma, I think I'm well enough to go out now. (Aside.) But I'll have a relapse after the funeral, you bet.

He Was a Close Observer.

Conversation overheard between two children who were playing in the sand together. The small boy to the little girl:

"Do you wish to be my little wife?"

The little girl, after reflecting: "Yes."

The small boy: "Then take off my boots."

Her Cho'ce.

Mr. Oldback (aged fifty)—Will you be my wife?

Miss Oldmaid (aged forty)—Y-e-s, my love. I'd rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave.

Her Artistic Taste.

Mrs. Honeymoon—Algernon, dear, I wish you would put on your red necktie for dinner.

Mr. Honeymoon—Why, my love?

Mrs. Honeymoon—Because we are to have radishes, tomatoes, strawberries and claret.

Archie Is All Right.

Fear not, my dearest Archibald, the peril now is past,
At present you may visit me in peace;
The stroke of sun need now no longer put your soul aghast,
Or bring our seasons to premature decease.
That vigilance we thought to be eternal has relaxed,
And jeopardy is therefore in retreat—
Pa's talent as a catapult cannot just now be taxed,
For rheumatism's levied on his feet.

So Archibald, dear Archibald, come 'round to-night at eight;
The gas may be turned off at ten, of course,
And from the upper story there may wildly circulate
Some objurgations peculiar and hoarse,
But nathless you may "hold the fort" all tranquil and serene
Until the cuckoo tunes its midnight bleat,
For papa's exclamations so can hardly supervene,
Since the rheumatism's levied on his feet.

Confectionery Caught Laura.

Miss Laura (who has a reputation for being passionately fond of sweets)—It grieves me to give you pain, Mr. Ferguson, but I fear it can never be. Try, try to forget me.

"I'll try, Miss Laura," replied the young man, in a melancholy hopeless way. "Absorbed in the vortex of business, as I shall be henceforth, I may be able to still the clamor of my aching heart, and banish your sweet image from my mind."

"Then you contemplate going into business!"

"I have made arrangements," he said in a hollow voice, "to open a large retail confectionery establishment."

"Oh, George!" exclaimed the beautiful girl wildly, as she flung herself into his arms, "the sight of your suffering is more than I can bear. I am yours!"

A Russian Pastime.

A general arrived from St. Petersburg in a garrison town in the interior of Russia to hold an inspection of the troops. After the review he stepped into the officers' mess-room where he noticed on the counter a row of bottles, to which, instead of the usual labels, white tickets, with a single letter of the alphabet on each, were affixed. The bottles stood in rank and file, and in alphabetical order.

"What does this mean?" the general asked the lieutenant who was showing him round.

"That is an officers' charade, your excellency," replied the officer, rather embarrassed.

The general continued his inquiries, and elicited the following information:

"Each bottle contains a different kind of liquor. At the meeting of the officers' club one of us mixes some of these varieties in a glass, and the older and more experienced members of the club, after taking it, guess what it is composed of, and name the word intended."

"Very original idea," remarked the general; "and are you able to make a guess of that kind?"

"If it is your excellency's pleasure, I will try," the lieutenant replied."

The general went to the counter and mixed a glass, while the officer stood at the other end of the room with his face to the wall.

"Now guess what this means," said the general, as he handed the glass to the officer.

The latter drank it off at one gulp, smacked his tongue and replied: "That was Anna, your excellency."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the general; "requires a lot of practice, eh?"

"Your excellency, Anna is easy enough, but there is a captain in our corps who can even guess Nebuchadnezzar!"

JENKS' DREAM.

Jenks had a queer night during the night. He thought he saw a prize-fighting ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounted for his dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or tiny Sugar-coated Granules, easily "knocked out" the best all the big pills hollow! They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.

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Has It Come to This?

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

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CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Pinkum had taken away the tray again, and was busily brushing out her mistress' curly hair, when a stately tread and rustling of skirts outside proclaimed the approach of Lady Oldcastle. Adela's quick searching glance at the handsome face as she entered told her clearly the two things which she was most anxious to know—that she suspected nothing of Sir Guy's victory, and had heard nothing of Duke's defeat. She was already in her dinner-dress, and crossed the room with her usual slow dignity to bend down and put her lips to the girl's forehead.

"You do not intend to come down to-night, I see, my dear," she said. "Perhaps you are wise; but you certainly look none the worse for your adventure, although you must have had a terrible fright. I do not remember a more violent storm. It is most fortunate, I am sure, that Guy chanced to discover you."

"Did he tell you?" asked Adela, feeling her heart leap.

"I have just been speaking to him." Lady Oldcastle dismissed the subject slightingly, as of no importance, and sat down on the coverlet. "You have received your mother's letter, of course, my dear?" she said interrogatively.

"Yes—I have it; but I have not read it yet. I have not had time," faltered the girl, wishing Lady Oldcastle were anywhere in the world but where she was. "Mamma's letters are usually not very important."

"Duke did not find you then?" Lady Oldcastle exclaimed, with a look and gesture of surprise. "How unfortunate! He went down to the shore purposing to give you the letter; you must have taken refuge in the—what do they call it?—The Shark's Mouth" before that, I suppose. However, the delay does not matter much. I also have a letter from Lady Nugent, and she seems most urgent for you to leave here on Saturday."

Lady Adela murmured something—she had not the least idea what, or what it sounded like. Without any assistance from her, Lady Oldcastle had contrived to make a mistake.

"It is very unfortunate—exceedingly so," Lady Oldcastle resumed; "I regret it extremely. I had hoped that we might keep you for some time yet; but I trust, my dear, that you will at least not think of leaving us until Monday. I hardly like the idea of your travelling on Saturday with only your maid; and, besides, it gives you no time at all."

"Yes; I would rather not go on Saturday—I would rather stay a little longer. I don't think I can go then," Adela stammered, blushing and feeling intensely guilty. She hardly knew what she said; all she wanted was to see the door shut upon Lady Oldcastle's artistic head-dress and ample shoulders.

"My dear, I really do not think you can," the elder lady assented, with the frankest air, thinking with satisfaction how easy her blushes were to read. To believe that this sudden anxiety would soon be past was a relief to the almost intolerable torture of the dark fear—the more horrible for its indefiniteness—which made her nights a dread and her days agony! Now, as she spoke, Gabriel Dwight's letter—insolent, covertly mocking through all its labored courtesy, vague threatening—lay in her bosom and maddened her. "I really do not think you can," she repeated. "It would make your last day a mere confusion of packing and farewells. Your best plan will be to telegraph. There are some forms downstairs—I will send you one up; and, when you have filled it up, it shall be forwarded at once to Holme Cultram."

With a few more gracious words, Lady Oldcastle withdrew at last, unsuspicious and outwardly serene; and Lady Adela, drawing a deep breath of relief, got out her writing-case to write her letter to her mother.

It was not a long letter, but it was clear and to the point. The girl sat looking at it for a moment when it was finished, with a pensive shadow upon her bright face, and sighed softly as she folded it up.

"Dear Mamma," it ran—"I hope you will try to be a little glad for me when you read this, if only because I am so very happy as I write it. I have promised to-day to be Sir Guy Oldcastle's wife. I love him dearly—more dearly than I ever knew it was possible to love any one. He is writing to Uncle Piu uptre by this post too, so you will both know all about it. I hope you and uncle will be glad and pleased, because I know that I could never even think of marrying anybody else. Try to be a little happy for me, mamma. "Your loving daughter,

"Adela."

When Pinkum came back presently from her exhaustive gossip downstairs with the cook—both were Irish, and consequently exceedingly friendly—she found her mistress sitting before the table in the fast-deepening dusk with her chin on her hand, looking absently at the directed letter lying before her. The girl roused herself at the sound of the opening door.

"Is that you, Pinkum?"

"Yes, me lady," Pinkum answered in some contrition, remembering how very protracted the delightful gossip had been, and that it was quite possible that her mistress' bell might have rang vainly over her unheeding head. "Did ye ring then, dear?"

"No—why? Have you been so long then?" Adela asked, rousing herself still further and looking about her. "Why, it is nearly dark, I declare! What a dreaming goose I am! I had no idea it was so late. What are they doing downstairs? Is dinner finished?"

Half an hour ago, Pinkum replied. Sir Guy had just passed her in the hall and gone into the library, and her ladyship was sitting alone in the drawing room.

"Alone!" Lady Adela echoed. Pinkum's significant tone had attracted her attention more than the mere words, as indeed it was meant to do. "Where is your favorite, Mr. Duke, then?" she asked lightly.

Mr. Duke had had his horse saddled and had ridden away before the storm came on, meaning, he said, to call in at Swinstead Hall. As he had not come back he had probably stayed to dine.

The girl heaved another sigh of relief, and inwardly hoped that the Swinsteads might take it into their heads to keep him until the morrow was over, at any rate. It was, in the circumstances, decidedly considerate of him to take himself off; she felt sincerely obliged to him for doing so. She was glad that she had not quarrelled with him down on the beach, although the temptation had been strong. After all, he was Guy's brother, and she meant to like him in the kindest of sisterly ways—if she found that she could manage it. So she thought as she watched Pinkum bustle about the room, pulling down blinds, drawing curtains, and lighting lamps.

"Don't shut up all the windows," she cried gaily; "you will suffocate me! Take this letter down and put it into the post-bag, please. Yes"—nodding in response to Pinkum's look of inquiry—"I have been telling mamma, and, oh, I should only like to be a fly in the corner when she opens it!"

"Sure she'll be pleased, me lady!" Pinkum said gently.

"I hope so; but if she is not, I can't help it; and it won't make any difference, except that I shall be sorry. Mind"—springing up to lay caressing hands upon the other's shoulders—"you are to live with me when I am married, you know. I couldn't do without you, dear old woman; and you wouldn't like to do without me, would you? Now take my letter."

She began to pace up and down the room, her hands clasped at the back of her neck, singing to herself softly. Presently Pinkum came back again.

"Did you put it into the bag?" asked Adela, pausing.

"I give it to Sir Guy, me lady. He was just locking the bag, and he said, 'Tell Lady Adela that I have written too;' and sure I saw the letter to the master in his hand!"

"A double thunderbolt!" Adela cried, laughing. "Let us hope it won't quite raze Sugbrooke to the ground."

CHAPTER XXI.

Extracted from Lady Adela Nugent's Journal, July 25, 188—.

"I have been shamming disgracefully, my dear. I'll confess it only to you, and to some one else by-and-by; but the fact is, I have stopped up stairs the whole day—the dinner bell will ring directly—and shammed most shamelessly.

"I have pretended to have a headache, and I have a headache; I have said that my nerves have not recovered from the shock of the thunderstorm yesterday—bless it!—as pathetically as if I had been mamma, while the plain truth is that I am not quite certain whether I have any nerves at all. What else could I do when Lady Oldcastle would keep sending up messages, and even coming in to see me herself, when I had made up my mind that nothing on earth should drag me down-stairs until the evening? What was there to go down-stairs for? I knew Guy would be away all day, because he sent to tell me so just when I was trying to make up my mind to go down to breakfast and let Lady Oldcastle look at me.

"I was braiding up my tiresome untidy hair, and wondering when the two thunderbolts—Guy's letter and mine—would get to Sugbrooke, when Pinkum came in with a little twisted note. She gave it to me with an intensely mysterious air, although there was no one to look at her.

"'From Sir Guy, me lady. And sure I passed her ladyship, and didn't let her see it at all, at all.'

"I read my letter—the first love-letter I ever had in my life. There were only a few lines. Some business—tiresome stuff!—was taking him over to Holme Cultram, and he had to start at once for fear of missing his appointment. There was more in it than that, of course, but that's quite enough for you to know.

"I couldn't run downstairs in my dressing-gown and with my hair down my back; I couldn't wait to write; and I certainly couldn't let him go away for a whole day without a word.

"'Is Sir Guy gone?' I asked, all in a hurry. 'Did you see him go, or what?'

"'Sure then, me lady,' said Pinkum, quite placidly, 'an how could I at all, at all, when he was waiting for the dog cart?'

"'Then run down as fast as you can and tell him I have not his note. And give him my dearest love, mind, and say I won't come down stairs at all until this evening.'

"Pinkum looked quite shocked. I really believe the dear old stupid creature fancies I ought always to be stuck up and stiff, simply because I am Lady Adela Nugent. The expression on her face made me laugh, and she took herself off with a mildly injured and protesting air. But perhaps it was because I asked her to run. There is no denying that Pinkum is a great deal too plump to run.

"So I have stayed up here all day—and I am very glad I did. Not that I have been alone, for Angel has been with me most of the time. The strange child seems quite at a loss what to do with herself since she has sent that poor little Miss Stone to tease and plague. Some one to torment is a necessity to Angel. Not that she torments me much. In her odd way, I think she is almost fond of me.

"I am glad—yes, with all my heart—that the evening has come at last; but, oh, I wish it were over, and that Lady Oldcastle knew! Does Guy know, I wonder, that she wanted me to marry Duke! I am sorry that she does not guess for a moment that I have refused him. What will she say when she knows? I am certain she does not guess ever so slightly that I love Guy. How should she, my dear, when I have been so cautious and discreet?

"Angel has been up in the nursery to her room ever since she comes rushing in like a little whirlwind.

"'Cousin Guy has come home, Lady Adela.'—"'I heard him, my dear.'

"'And cousin Duke hasn't.'—"'Nobody wanted him, Angel.'

"There goes the dinner-bell at last! No more writing for the present. I wonder whether I look nice? I tried to make myself look extra-nice. This is the very prettiest gown I have. I certainly ought to look nice. I'll ask Pinkum.

"'Ah, then, me lady,' says Pinkum, clasping her hands, 'sure it's beautiful that ye're looking entirely!'

"Really Pinkum is sometimes an exceedingly sensible woman!"

When Lady Adela went downstairs in the prettiest gown she had, and entered the drawing-room with the prettiest of unconsciously conscious airs, she experienced a revulsion of feeling upon looking about her which she did not know whether to think pleasant or otherwise.

Lady Oldcastle was there, which she had expected; but there was also present the reverend Cuthbert Cubison, the rector of Wildeross, whom she had certainly not expected to see. He was the most placid and inoffensive of mild old gentlemen, and Adela's firm belief was that he wore a wig. How it came about that he was to dine at the Towers she did not know, but, on second thoughts, she was inclined to regard his presence as an especial interposition of Providence.

Plainly Lady Oldcastle did not know yet, and, with the rector to act as an unconscious buffer, she could not be very terrible during dinner.

When it was once over, they would tell her, and then get away somewhere and leave her to herself, Adela decided, as, after shaking hands with the rector, she withdrew to the window. It was a pity that Lady Oldcastle was not different, the girl thought wistfully, very conscious of the one cloud upon her sweet happiness. She would have rejoiced to feel of Guy's mother; now it seemed part of her loyalty to him to be not fond of her. Then she thought of the handsome dowager House on the other side of the park, where many Dowager Ladies Oldcastle had lived and died, and wondered whether Lady Oldcastle would be pleased to retire there when she should be a dowager too.

Certainly the Towers would be very much nicer, much more pleasant and home-like, if she did so retire—there was no denying that. Ah, she wondered if it had ever been really "home" to Guy at all! Never mind—it should be all the sweeter to him as she would make it.

Then she began blushing furiously, without looking round, she knew that he had entered and was speaking to the Rector; then he crossed over to her and held out a hand that was trembling a little near the rose at her neck.

"The day has been an age long without you, my darling," that hand-clasp said; and the soft flutter of the little tremulous fingers in his palm spoke quite as plainly. There were some things that Lady Oldcastle's eyes could not see, keen as they were.

The dinner was long and tiresome. Duke did not appear; the Rector babbled on harmlessly, and was exceedingly useful. Only once did Lady Oldcastle become alarming.

"Guy," she said, addressing her son—and it was the first word which Adela had heard her address to him since the scene in the breakfast room which had followed Angel's disclosure—"can you tell me the reason of Duke's still remaining away?"

"I have not the slightest idea, mother."

"You do not know where he is?"

"Still the Swinsteads probably. But I don't know."

"You know, I presume, of no reason for his absence himself?" Lady Oldcastle said, so expressively that, if she had openly added, "I suspect you of being responsible for it," her meaning could not have been plainer.

Guy read it, but it made no outward impression upon him; he replied, as equably as before.

"None whatever. I have not seen him since breakfast yesterday; he will be back in a day or two, no doubt."

"No doubt; but I cannot understand his reason for going so abruptly." Lady Adela felt the gaze of the cold brilliant blue eyes fixed full upon her, and made such a prodigious effort that she went on with her dinner with a perfectly unconcerned countenance. "It is very strange."

"Bored probably," Sir Guy remarked coolly; "a little of the Towers is usually enough for him. He has spent nearly five weeks here already with his hands in his pockets."

"There is no reason why he should be bored here—quite the contrary," Lady Oldcastle retorted coldly, once more glancing doubtfully at the girl's pretty artlessly unconscious face; and then, once more repeating, "It is very strange—I cannot understand it," she let the subject drop.

But she did not forget it. Despite Lady Adela's prettily unconcerned face and air she was disturbed by a new doubt and anxiety. Was it possible that this fondly-laid plan for her darling had miscarried just when she had felt most secure of its success? Had her own eager, jealously-fond wishes led her astray? Had Duke spoken yesterday, and had the girl rejected him? She suddenly recalled all Adela's blushes and strange confusion on the previous day, and also that she had not plainly said that Duke had not found her down on the beach. She could hardly sit and listen to the rector's amiable, complacent chatter; she heard without comprehending six words of it; she was absent and moody, glancing askance at Adela, wishing Guy away and the rector also. In the first opportunity she would know the truth; she would take the girl to task, she resolved, with a stealthy anger. Perhaps Duke had spoken, and she had coquetted, had asked for time to think. That might very well be, and would account for his absence; that she had rejected him resolutely and finally she could not and would not believe.

Would this foolish old man never go? she thought, impatiently, gloomily; watching Adela's head bent over the piano-keys, with her drooping eyes dreamily following the slowly-moving fingers. How exasperatingly happy the girl looked, smiling as she played.

The Rector rose to go at last; his comfortable phaeton has been brought round, drawn by the plump bay cob behind which the old gentleman had comfortably jogged about his scattered parish for the past ten years.

Lady Oldcastle, fretfully gracious and courteous as she always was to this old friend, accompanied him into the hall, standing absently to watch the phaeton drive away.

The evening was a lovely one, and the air was heavy and fragrant with flower-scents. Lady Oldcastle caught up a wrap that lay on a chair close at hand and went out. She wanted to think before speaking to Lady Adela: it would be bad policy to be too peremptory; she must be conciliating, gentle. Sweet-tempered as the girl was she was spirited, quite capable of retorting and resenting. Well, Olivia Oldcastle liked her all the better for that. She would manage her cleverly, cautiously, gently, and it would surely be an easy task to discover whether Duke had spoken. She gave no thought to Guy.

Slowly she mounted the steps leading to the terrace, crossed it, and approached the long windows of the drawing-room, which were wide open on this sultry evening; no light had been brought in, and it was full of soft shadows. The rippling notes of the piano had stopped, but a low low laugh made Lady Oldcastle heard as she quietly pushed aside a curtain and stepped into the room was far sweeter. She stopped suddenly, and the marble floor upon the terrace behind her was hardly more cold, dumb, and rigid than the living woman.

Lady Adela still sat at the piano, but her head leaned back against Sir Guy's shoulder as his arm enfolded her, with a charmingly contented and matter-of-course air, and her laughing eyes were raised to his face.

Lady Oldcastle could not stir. Here was chagrin, disappointment, enlightenment, and all without a word. So Duke had lost and Guy had won! She had never even thought of that—never! How long had they thus decived her and kept her in the dark? For the moment her wrath against the girl was as hot and merciless as her wrath against her son. She stood looking at them with her teeth set in her under lip, clinching her hands until the rings upon them hurt the flesh.

Oh, the bitterness of standing there watching them, seeing the kisses which he pressed upon the girl's sweet lips, and which were returned as fondly, and feeling herself powerless to spoil their joy!

"But I haven't had a headache—not a bit!" Adela was saying, with her mischievous eyes raised to her lover's. "Did that stupid Pinkum tell you that I had? I stayed up stairs only because I chose, and because I knew the day would be so horribly dull and long without you. Besides, if I had come down, I should have felt as guilty as a cat after it had been stealing the cream; and Lady Oldcastle's eyes seem to go through me."

"Not like mine, Adela!"

"Yours! Oh, you're a man!" returned the girl airily. "One never expects men to see anything. Besides, you know, you wouldn't see; and, oh, dear"—with a deep sigh—"how tiresome you were!" She laughed softly, turning to face him, and put her hand up to his shoulder as she sat. "Guy, it is rather a good thing, isn't it, that mine are a little bit sharper?"

"I hope you may always think so, my dearest," he answered fervently.

"I don't think we need either of us be very much alarmed about that," said the girl quaintly. "I think we may both venture to take it for granted without very much danger—don't you?" Although she laughed, her voice changed to seriousness, and but for the growing dusk he would have seen an anxious look steal into her uplifted eyes. "You have not told Lady Oldcastle yet?" she said, interrogatively.

"Not yet."—"But you will tell her soon?"

"Whenever you give me leave, my dearest. I have waited only for that. Shall it be to-night?"

"Yes, please. There's no reason why we should not tell her. And, besides"—she moved a little nearer to him, not without a slight shiver of involuntary apprehension and repugnance—"I shall be glad when it is over."

"I will tell her as soon as she comes back," Sir Guy said quietly. "She cannot know too soon to please me." He hesitated, and in the gloom his dark face flushed painfully. "Adela," he began haltingly, "you know—"

He stopped and turned round sharply. The relaxing of Lady Oldcastle's rigid attitude had caused a faint rustle of her stiff silk dress. The girl looked too, and, startled, rose quickly. But she made no attempt to withdraw from the clasp of the arm and met the frosty lustre of the stern blue eyes as calmly as did her lover. It was the discoverer who showed agitation and disomfiture, not the discovered.

"You have found out what I should have taken the first opportunity of telling you, mother," Sir Guy said, quietly and simply, using the briefest and plainest words. "Adela has promised to be my wife."

"Your wife!" Lady Oldcastle echoed slowly. Her voice was hoarse; she raised her hand and pressed it heavily upon the dry throat from which the words would hardly come. "Your wife! Adela," she cried, sharply, "is this true?"

(To be Continued.)

With Summer Rains.

With tiny threads of gossamer,
I lightly spin sweet thoughts of her,
As if my love a blossom were.

But when that blossom floats away,
Regret walks down the clouded way,
And somber twilight ends the day.

A robe of white has wrapped our earth
(Degenerated as at its birth),
And sleigh-bells fill the air with mirth.

Lo! as pale moonshine tints yon hills,
A nameless rest my bosom fills,
A perfect peace my passion stills—

For joy that goes, in part remains;
All is not lost of hopes or pains;
Love comes again with summer rains.

Eugene Field.

Remarkably Sociable.

Governor Powell of Kentucky was once a great favorite. He never was an orator, but his conversational, story-telling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself and was always begging it from every one he met. His reputation was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio past that place I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of Lazarus:

A citizen of Henderson, coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger, who made some inquiries about Powell.

"Lives in your county, I believe, doesn't he?"

"Yes, one of the oldest citizens."

"Very sociable man, ain't he?"

"Remarkably so."

"Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable. I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap and spit all over me. Re-mark-a-bly sociable!"

He Would Not Relent.

A story is being told of a very close citizen of Washington that he wanted to go to Chicago recently. At the ticket office he was told that the fare was $1.50.

"One eighty," he muttered. "Gif you $1.40."

"Can't cut rates, sir. One eighty is the fare."

"Gif you one fifty."

"Nope. One eighty."

"Den I'll walk."

"That is your privilege," answered the ticket-seller. So he started off down the track, and had made about half the distance when he heard an engine tooting and whistling behind him.

"You needn't visstle," said he, waving his hand, "I'll not come back."

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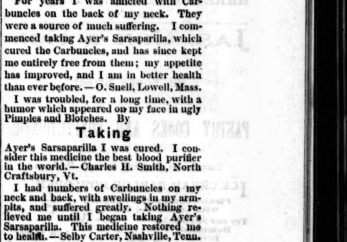

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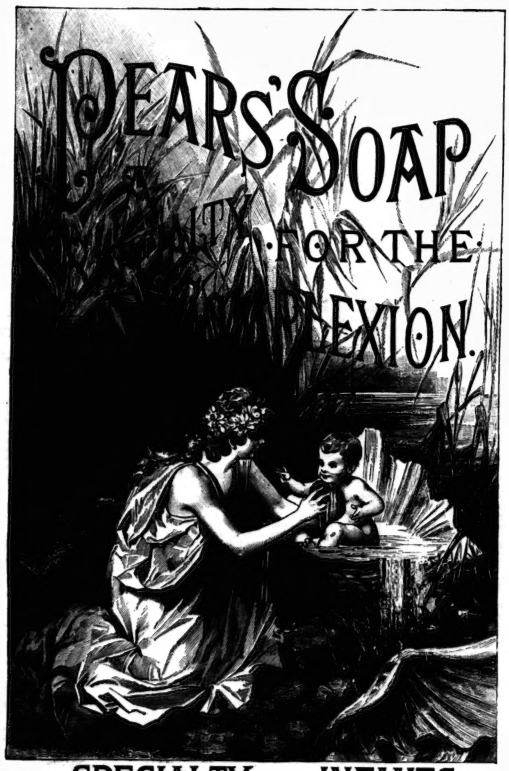

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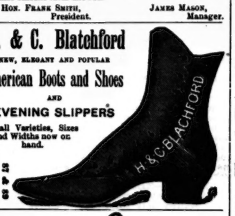

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Personal.

The annual picnic in connection with the Catholic Church at Thornhill, will be held on the lawn of the Hawthorn Mineral Springs residence on June 18. An excellent programme is promised.

Last night the members of the Bloomer Rifle Association held a smoking party at the rooms of the Drum and Fife Corps on Colborne street, in honor of their two comrades Staff Sergeants Mitchell and McVittie, who leave shortly for Wimbledon.

At the residence of Mr. A. C. C. Pomeroy, 145 Bathurst, on Tuesday evening was assembled a happy little party. The occasion was the marriage of Mr. Reuben Burchart of the business office of SATURDAY NIGHT to Miss Annie Black. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. R. Gaff. After the usual congratulations had been spoken and the company had done justice to an excellent wedding supper, the happy pair set out on their wedding tour amid a shower of good wishes made manifest by the customary rice-throwing. Mr. and Mrs. Burchart will spend their honeymoon quietly across the border.

On Tuesday evening last a complimentary concert, tendered to the officers and members of the Grand Lodge C. O. O. F., took place in the Pavilion. The Reception Committee of the City Council was present, and an address of welcome was delivered by Ald. Dodds in his usual felicitous manner. The entertainment opened with an instrumental selection by the Cosgrove family, consisting of John, William, Ada, and Freddie Cosgrove. Considering that these performers have never made a systematic study of music, and that their knowledge and skill has been merely "picked up," one cannot but admire their facility of handling the different instruments they play, and the success of the different combinations they themselves have originated. The Scotch dancing of little Maisel Foss was highly appreciated. Other well-known and popular performers taking part were Mrs. Murray Dickson, F. Warrington, Sims Richards and W. E. Ramsay.

The Wanzer Cooker.

A sample dinner will be given at the Wanzer office, 98 King street West, illustrating summer-cooking on Tuesday, the 13th inst., at 3 p.m. All ladies and gentlemen interested are invited to call and examine it. All food put in at the same time and taken out at the same time. It will require no attention while cooking and no heat or odor. The cost of cooking a dinner of four courses will not exceed half a cent, and the whole dinner is cooked by the Wanzer lamp. This cooking is a boon to the poor and a luxury to the rich. There are three sizes in these cookers, so that it can fill the what of any family. Our camping outfit is the completest thing ever offered to the sporting world. Call and examine at the Wanzer office, 98 King street West.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

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OFFICERS FOR 1889—Mr. Wm. Moore Kelly, President; Mr. David Davidson, Vice-Pres.; Mr. Walter Keating, Managing Director; Mr. James Wynne, Mr. A. J. Chaine, Mr. Harry Jennings, Mr. Albert M. Keating, Directors.

The hotel grounds have a frontage of between 1600 and 1700 feet on the water. The grounds are high and dry, sloping to the water's edge, and are covered almost throughout with beautifully diversified trees running from the original forest basswood and oak trees to second growth pine, oak, maple and birch. The shore makes an unrivalled bathing ground, the bottom being clean white sand. The water of Lake Huron is perfectly pure and uncontaminated. The hillsides have an abundance of the finest spring water.

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"THE PENETANGUISHENE" will be conducted under the immediate control of the Directors of the Lakeside Hotel Co. An efficient staff, including a first-class man-cook and his assistant, has been engaged that will insure the comfort of the guests.

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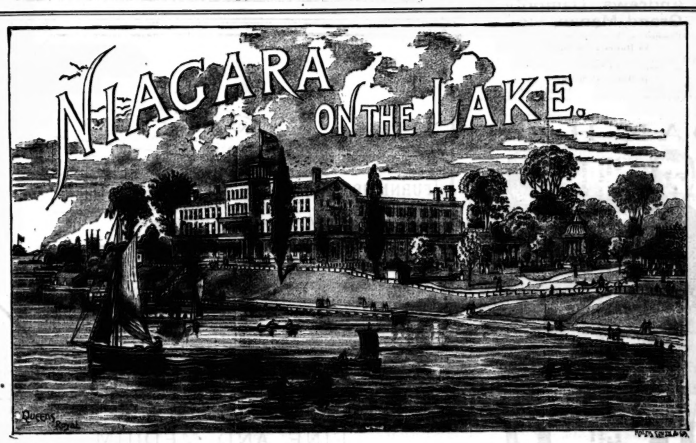

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GOOCH—On June 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Fred H. Gooch—a son.
BEHRENS—On June 9, at Brockville, Mrs. Arthur Behrens—a son.
CASEY—On June 9, at Southwold, Mrs. George E. Casey—a daughter.
LOVE—On June 7, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles Love—a daughter.
SCOTT—On June 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. T. Scott—a daughter.
AYLSWORTH—On June 8, at Collingwood, Mrs. Geo. M. Aylsworth—a son.
DENISON—On June 10, at Orangeville, Mrs. R. Evelyn Denison—a son.
WRIGHT—On June 6, at Oak Lake, Manitoba, Mrs. H. A. Wright—a son.

Marriages.

WILSON—HOOPER—On June 5, at Napanee, Mr. G. M. Wilson (Merchants' Bank, Toronto) to Miss Alie Hooper of Napanee.
FLETCHER—YALE—On June 6, at Toronto, Esten A. Fletcher to Lizzie M. Yale.
BISHOP—LEONARD—On June 5, at Brantford, Francis J. Bishop to Edith Matilda Leonard.
COTTER—McAVELLA—On June 5, at Toronto, G. S. Cotter of Toronto, to Margaret McAvella, of Campbellford.
STALKER — FOX — On June 5, at Toronto, Colin J. Stalker to Lily F. Fox.
HUTCHINSON — DUFFETT—On June 5, at Toronto, Thomas C. Hutchinson to May Duffett.
KIRKWOOD—STOW—On June 6, at Toronto, Alexander Kirkwood to Emily Frederick Stow.
MACDONALD—WARD—On June 3, at North Toronto, David W. Macdonald of Brooklin, Ont., to Sarah J. Ward of Utica, Ont.
REESOR—BARR—On June 5, at Brantford, Capt. Robert Reesor of Markham, to Sarah J. Barr, of Brantford.
BUTCHART—BLACK—On June 11, at Toronto, R. Butchart of Toronto *Saturday Night*, to Miss Annie Black.
PRIMROSE—EWART—On June 11, at Toronto, Alexander Primrose, M. B. of Edinburgh, to Clara Christina Ewart.
SMITH—EMSLIE—On June 7, at Toronto, Gordon Smith to Maggie Emslie.
PIRIE—McCAUSLAND—On June 12, at Toronto, Mr. Alex F. Pirie, editor of the Montreal *Star*, to Miss Hester McCausland of Toronto.
ELLIS—ELLERBY—On June 12, at Toronto, George E. Ellis to Hattie Ellerby, both of Toronto.
GRUNDY—HOWSON—On June 12, at Toronto, Frederick Grundy of Toronto, to Annie H. Howson.
WATSON—JOHNSTON—On June 12, at Toronto, W. R. Watson of Winnipeg, to Mary Johnston.
SMALL—JOHNS—On June 12, at Guelph, D. A. Small of Toronto, to Gertrude L. Johns of Guelph.
READ—HOPE—On June 12, at Toronto, Allan F. Read to Winnie A. Hope, both of Toronto.

Deaths.

BOWES—On June 8, at Trafalgar, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, aged 87 years.
HAMILTON—On June 10, at Claremont, John Hamilton, aged 49 years.
JACKSON—At Toronto, Emily Jackson, aged 3 years.
MULHOLLAND—On June 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Anna McHolland, aged 82 years.
REGAN—On June 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Eliza Regan, aged 42 years.
SMYTHE—On June 7, at London, Ont., Mrs. A. G. Smythe, aged 58 years.
REID—On May 24, at Prince Albert, N. W. T., Harry A. Reid, late of Cobourg.
RAVINGTON—On June 11, at Toronto, William James Ravington, aged 73 years.
WALSH—On June 7, at Toronto, John Walsh, aged 55 years.
READING—On June 6, at Toronto, William Reading.
JEFFREY—On June 6, at St. Catharines, Isabella Jeffrey, late of Cobourg.
MINOR—On June 7, at Brantford, V. W. Minor, aged 54 years.
ADAMS—On June 6, at Toronto, John W. Adams, aged 36 years.
KIDD—On June 6, at Toronto, Walter T. Kidd, aged 53 years.
MAXWELL—On June 7, at Toronto, Wm. Maxwell, aged 65 years.
RICHARDSON — On June 7, at Toronto, Mrs. Jane Richardson, aged 56 years.
TRELOAR—At Chicago, Mrs. Samuel H. Treloar.
WISE—On June 6, at Toronto, George D. Wise, aged 59 years.
BERTRAM—On June 8, at Dundas, Hugh Bertram, aged years.
COULTER—On June 8, at Toronto, Willie Coulter, aged
HEAKES—On June 9, at Toronto, Samuel Heakes, sr., aged 74 years.
FELTHAM—On June 8, at Toronto, Robert W. Feltham, aged 57 years.

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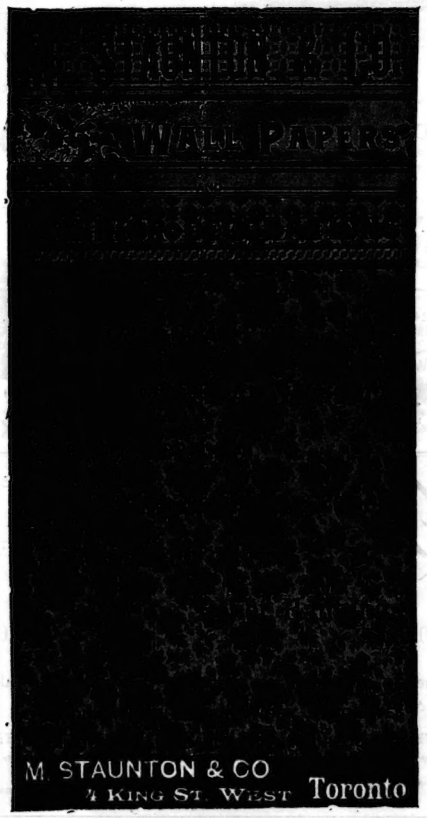

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